Glenriddell
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# The Banquet of Thalia,

or the

# Fashionable

# SONGSTERS Pocket MEMORIAL,

AN

## Elegant Collection,

Of the most Admired

# SONGS

From Ancient, & Modern Authors.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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# *TO THE PUBLIC.*

WITH a view to promote Harmony, and to enhance the ſocial pleaſures of thoſe polite circles who make vocal muſic a part of their amuſement, the Compiler ſends this little volume of Lyric poetry into the world.

He has carefully avoided all thoſe obſcene and trifling compoſitions with which many publications of this nature are indelicately crowded; introduced many originals; and ſelected the reſt from the moſt admired MODERN authors; except ſome few, the peculiar excellence of which will always recommend them.

As every Songſter will here find ſubjects ſuited to his taſte, except one, *the Libertine, who would rudely tinge the cheek of modeſty with a painful bluſh*,—the Compiler hopes that his little book will merit a favorable reception amongſt the lovers of HARMONY and SONG.

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# INDEX.


*A Roſe tree full in bearing* — — 26
*Ah! Hope, thou dear deceiver, ſtay* — — 51
*Aſſiſt, O thou God of the Vine* — — 69
*As burns the charger when he hears* — — 103
*All you that are wiſe, and think life worth enjoying* — 123
*An old woman cloathed in grey, with Italian imitations* 133
*A tinker I am, my name's Natty Sam* — — 141
*A plague of thoſe muſty old lubbers* — — 155
*At the ſound of the horn* — — 169
*Away to the field* — — — 171
*As I ſaw fair Clora walk alone* — — 181
*Ah! what avails thy lover's pray'r* — — 182
*Adieu! ye jovial youths, who join* — — 187
*A tear bedews my Delia's eye* — — 188
*A book, a friend, a ſong, a glaſs* — — 202

*By moonlight on the green* — — 63
*By dimpl'd brook and fountain brim* — — 91
*By the gaily circling glaſs* — — 92
*Blow high, blow low* — — — 158
*Blow, Boreas, blow, and let the ſurly winds* — 162
*Blow, blow, thou winter's wind!* — — 198
*Bid me, when forty winters more* — — 203

*Come, Fancy, thou who canſt regain* — — 21
*Come, come, bid adieu to fear* — — 93
*Come all you gemmen volunteers* — — 149
*Ceaſe, rude Boreas, bluſt'ring railer* — — 163
*Come, learn of me, my rural friends* — — 185
*Come, live with me, and be my love* — — 191

*Diſtill'd amidſt the gloom of night* — — 11
*Dear object of each fond deſire* — — 19
*Dear is my little native vale* — — — 31

*Dear Tom, this brown jug* — — 73

*Encompaſs'd in an angel's frame* — — 12

*From glaring ſhew and giddy noiſe* — — 9
*From theſe dread walls* — — — 40
*For tenderneſs faſhion'd, in life's early day* — — 41
*For you, my ſweet maid,——ah! be not afraid* — 62
*Flow, thou regal, purple ſtream* — — 71
*From flower to flower, his joy to change* — 176
*From tyrant laws and cuſtoms free* — — 180
*Friendſhip! peculiar gift of heav'n* — — 200

*Go, tuneful bird, that glad'ſt the ſkies* — — 32
*Gay Bacchus one ev'ning inviting his friends* — 82

*Happy's the love that meets return* — — 18
*Her hair is like a golden clue* — — 53
*Her mouth with a ſmile* — — — 60
*Hail! Burgundy, thou juice divine* — — 95
*How ſtands the glaſs around?* — — 98
*Had Neptune, when firſt he took charge of the ſea* — 130
*Here, take theſe ſhoes to Farmer Swine* — 146
*How ſweet in the woodlands* — — 178
*Haſte, my Nanette, my lovely maid* — — 183

*I ſigh and lament me in vain* — — 10
*I did but look and love awhile* — — 30
*In the prattling hours of youth* — — 50
*I travers'd Judah's barren ſand* — — 55
*In gaudy courts with aching hearts* — — 61
*If gold could lengthen life, I ſwear* — — 89
*In good King Charles's golden days* — — 105
*In Charles the Second's merry days* — — 108

*I ſail'd in the good ſhip the Kitty* — — 161
*If wine and muſic have the pow'r* — — 186
*If all the world and love were young* — — 193

*Jove, when he ſaw my Fanny's face* — — 36
*Jack Ratlin was the ableſt ſeaman* — — 157

*Luſinghiero m' in ganaſli* — — — 27
*Loud toll'd the ſtern bellman of night* — — 48
*Let care be a ſtranger to each jovial ſoul* — — 80
*Let thoſe who would wiſh to hear reaſon* — 128
*Like mine, to botch is each man's trade* — — 140
*Let ev'ry man now give his toaſt* — — 151
*Lawyers pay you with words* — — 205

*Muſt Peace and Pleaſure's melting ſtrain* — — 121

*Now to pant on Thetis' breaſt* — — 34
*Now Phœbus ſinketh in the Weſt* — — 92

*On the green ſedgy banks* — — — 24
*O'er moorlands and mountains* — — 49
*O! Nightingale! who on yon' blooming ſpray* — 52
*O cruel maid! how haſt thou chang'd* — — 58
*Once the Gods of the Greeks* — — 86
*One ev'ning Good Humour took Wit as his gueſt* — 87
*Oh! men, what ſilly things ye are* — — 135
*Old Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles* — 176
*Our grotto was the ſweeteſt place* — — 195
*O! Richard! oh! my love* — — 196

*Poor Orra tink of Yanko dear* — — 16
*Preach not to me your muſty rules* — — 94
*Pretty tube of mighty pow'r* — — 201

*Rail no more, ye learned aſſes* — — 97

*Soft pow'r of Harmony and Song* — — 1
*Soft zephyr, on thy balmy wing* — — 4
*Stray not to thoſe diſtant ſcenes* — — 28
*Says Plato, why ſhould man be vain* — — 29
*Softly ſweet the minutes glide* — — — 35
*Sweet Echo! ſweeteſt nymph, that lives unſeen* — 52
*Since all my hopes, dear maid* — — — 53
*Soft pity never leaves the gentle breaſt* — — 56
*Shall not my ſoul to veng'ance now be mov'd?* — 59
*See the courſe throng'd with gazers* — — 84
*Spirits of diſtreſs* — — — 136
*Silence! take notice, you are my ſon* — — 142
*Sweet is the breath of morn* — — — 180
*Sweet Poll of Plymouth was my dear* — — 204

*The roſe had been waſh'd, juſt waſh'd in a ſhow'r* — 6
*'Twas near a thicket's calm retreat* — — 7
*The ſun ſets in night and the ſtars ſhun the day* — 8
*The traveller benighted* — — — 9
*Tho' grandeur reigns with ſplendid pow'r* — — 20
*To him who in an hour muſt die* — — 23
*The world, my dear Mira, is full of deceit* — 33
*'Twas in that ſeaſon of the year* — — 38
*Thou haſt play'd a falſe, a faithleſs part* — — 46
*The moon had climb'd the higheſt hill* — — 46
*Thus let me hold thee to my heart* — — 54
*Thou canſt not boaſt of fortune's ſtore* — — 56
*Tell me, my lute, can thy fond ſtrain* — — 57
*The meadows look charming, the birds ſweetly ſing* — 59
*The pride of ev'ry grove I choſe* — — 65
*The wealthy fool with gold in ſtore* — — 72
*The landlord he looks very big* — — 77

*To Anacreon in heav'n, where he ſat in full glee* — 78
*The wanton God who pierces hearts* — — 93
*To this happy meeting long life and proſperity* — 97
*Tho' the fate of battle on to-morrow wait* — 113
*The watry God, great Neptune, lay* — — 115
*The foes of Old England, (France, Holland, and Spain)* 118
*Thoſe mortals ſay right in their jovial abodes* — 123
*This, this my lad's a ſoldier's life* — — 144
*The wand'ring ſailor* — — 154
*'Twas roſy morn, when chaſte Diana bright* — 168
*The whiſtl'ing plowman hails the bluſhing morn* — 170
*The moment Aurora peep'd into my room* — — 174
*The ſtag through the foreſt* — — — 178
*Time has not thin'd my flowing hair* — — 182
*The God of Love a bandeau wears* — — 197

*Virtue, may thy ſacred arms* — — 12

*Whence riſes this perfume that fills all the air* — 2
*Who to my wounds a balm adviſes* — — 3
*When Werter fair Charlotte beheld* — — 13
*When firſt the fatal news arriv'd* — — 14
*When Yanko dear fight far away* — — 17
*When erſt the Graces ſprung from heav'n* — 22
*Would ye taſte the noontide air* — — 25
*Where the jeſſamin ſweetens the bow'r* — — 37
*What different tracks do mortals take* — — 42
*When bidden to the wake or fair* — — 60
*When firſt my dear laddie gade to the green hill* — 64
*With my friend and my glaſs let my time paſs away* — 70
*Whilſt ſome in epic ſtrains delight* — — 74
*When Orpheus went down to the regions below* — 90
*When Orpheus, &c. (the companion)* — — 90
*When Harold was invaded* — — 100

*With a chearful old friend* — — — 102
*When the chill Sirocco blows* — — 104
*When Jove was reſolv'd to create the round earth* — 112
*When I drain the roſy bowl* — — 120
*When freedom was baniſh'd from Greece and from Rome* 124
*When Britain firſt, at heav'n's command* — — 126
*What Cato adviſes moſt certainly wiſe is* — 129
*Whene'er I am mending a ſhoe* — — 139
*When in order drawn up, and adorn'd in his beſt* — 145
*When I've been working in my ſhop* — — 148
*When the ſerjeant, encourag'd by wine* — — 150
*What argufies pride and ambition* — — 159
*When Aurora is up, the ſweet Goddeſs of day* — 173
*When Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn* — 179
*When Bibo thought fit* — — — 181
*What man in his wits had not rather be poor* — 190
*When it is night, and the mid-watch is come* — 199

*Ye pow'rs who taught my artleſs ſighs* — — 4
*Ye pow'rs who make virtue your care* — — 15
*Young Saundy was preſs'd from his Alice's ſide* — 44
*You know that our ancient philoſophers hold* — 111
*Ye jobbers, underwriters;—ye tribe of pen and ink* — 137
*Ye ſacred prieſts, whoſe hands were never ſtain'd* — 194

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## *Sentimental, Pathetic Songs, &c.*

# INVOCATION

### To the GENIUS of MUSIC.

*Written for Mrs.* CROUCH, *to ſing at the Theatre-Royal, York.*

BY A GENTLEMAN OF THAT CITY.

SOFT pow'r of Harmony and Song,
Whoſe liquid notes can ſoften grief;
Who ſooths the dire oppreſſor's wrong,
And to the wretched brings relief;
Whoſe heart-exhilarating lays
Can drive away corroding care,
And mirth to joy and rapture raiſe;
Propitious hear thy Votreſs' pray'r.

II.

Be mine Euterpe's dulcet ſtrain,
To calm the boſom of Diſtreſs;
To eaſe the mourner's mental pain,
And Mis'ry ſooth, her pangs ſuppreſs;
To baniſh bold, intruſive Care,
And fill each preſent heart with joy;
Then ſhall I rapt'rous tranſport ſhare
While buſied in the ſweet employ.

# THE CONSOLATION.

## A CANTATA.

BY FREDERIC ATKINSON.

*Set to Muſic by Mr. M. Camidge.*

WHENCE riſes this perfume, that fills the air,
And richly impregnates the breath of the morn?
Ariſe, lovely Delia! and let us repair
To yon' verdant bank, that is ſhaded with thorn.

Ah! ſee! in the graſs, how the violet lays hid!
Its beautiful head is bow'd down to the ground;
And we viſit its humble retirement unbid,
Only led by the ſweets it diffuſes around.

RECITATIVE. *(Accompanied.)*

Quickly I took it from its neſt,
And plac'd it on my Delia's breaſt;
There, while amid ſuperior charms it hung—
Again I ſtruck my lyre, and thus I ſung.

AIR.

Emblem of Delia's modeſty!
Here from concealment riſe:
Like her, from Envy's ſhade be free;
Like her adorn the ſkies.

Here, happy flower! rejoice to dwell
Near to that virtuous heart,
Whoſe truth, whoſe meekneſs can repel
Detraction's baneful dart.

AIR.

Smile on this flower, my gentle maid!
And mark the leſſon it conveys,—
That merit in misfortune's ſhade
Should ne'er deſpair of brighter days.

---

## SONG.

COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN,

*And ſung by Mrs. Crouch in Liberty-Hall.*

WHO to my wounds a balm adviſes—
But little knows what I endure:
The patient's pain to torture riſes
When medicine's try'd—and fails to cure.

What can the wiſeſt councils teach me
But ſad rememb'rance of my grief:
Alas! your kindneſs cannot reach me,
It gives but WORDS—I aſk RELIEF——

## SONG.

THE MUSIC BY MR. WEBBE.

RECITATIVE.

SOFT Zephyr, on thy balmy wing
Thy gentleſt breezes hither bring:
Her ſlumbers guard, ſome hand divine;
Ah! watch her with a care like mine.

AIR.

A roſe, a roſe from her boſom had ſtray'd,
I'll ſeek to replace it with art;
But no, 'twill her ſlumbers invade;
I'll wear it, dear maid, next my heart.

Alas! ſilly roſe, had'ſt thou known
'Twas Daphne that gave thee thy place,
Thou ne'er from thy ſtation had flown—
Her boſom's the manſion of peace.

---

## SONG.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. WEBBE,

RECITATIVE.

YE powers who taught my artleſs ſighs
A kindred heart to gain,
Teach me the bleſſing ſtill to prize,
And, as I prize, maintain.

AIR.

*Affetuoſo.*

Let kind attention, pleaſing care,
O'er all my thoughts preſide;
And love in ev'ry glance appear,
And ev'ry action guide.

If e'er a cloud of peeviſh ſpleen
Our brighter hours o'ercaſt,
Let fancy quickly ſhift the ſcene
To fond rememb'rance paſt.

O'er ev'ry joy our breaſts have felt
Let faithful mem'ry rove,
And teach the hard'ning heart to melt
With recollected love.

*Allegretto.*

Thus ev'ry flow'r, which form'd the wreath
To Hymen's feſtive chain,
Uninjur'd fragrance ſtill ſhall breathe,
And ev'ry charm retain.

II.

Thus while our hearts delighted prove
Our envy'd bliſs ſecure,
We'll boaſt the joys of wedded love
As permanent as pure.

# SONG.

THE MUSIC BY MR. WEBBE.

THE Roſe had been waſh'd, juſh waſh'd in a ſhow'r,
Which Mary to Anna convey'd;
The plentiful moiſter encumber'd the flow'r,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it ſeem'd, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left, with regret,
On the flouriſhing buſh where it grew.

I haſtily ſeiz'd it, unfit as it was
For a noſegay, ſo dripping and drown'd,
And ſwinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I ſnapp'd it! it fell to the ground.

And ſuch, I exclaim'd, is the pitileſs part,
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardleſs of wringing or breaking a heart
Already to ſorrow inclin'd.

This elegant roſe, had I ſhaken it leſs,
Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile;
And the tear that is wip'd with a little addreſs,
May be follow'd, perhaps, with a ſmile.

## SONG. *MOULINES.*

### MARIA.

COMPOSED BY MR. MOULDS.

'TWAS near a thicket's calm retreat,
Under a poplar tree,
Maria choſe her wretched ſeat
To mourn her ſorrows free.
Her lovely form was ſweet to view,
As dawn at opening day;
But, ah! ſhe mourn'd her love not true,
And wept her cares away.

II.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet
In murmurs ſmooth along;
Her pipe, which once ſhe tuned moſt ſweet,
Had now forgot its ſong.
No more to charm the vale ſhe tries,
For grief has fill'd her breaſt:
Thoſe joys which once ſhe uſed to prize—
But love has robb'd her reſt.

III.

Poor hapleſs maid, who can behold
Thy ſorrows ſo ſevere,
And hear thy lovelorn ſtory told
Without a falling tear.
MARIA, luckleſs maid, adieu!
Thy ſorrows ſoon muſt ceaſe;
For heav'n will take a maid ſo true,
To everlaſting peace.

## THE FAVORITE INDIAN DEATH SONG.

SET TO MUSIC BY PAXTON.

*As ſung by Mr. Meredith.*

THE ſun ſets in night, and the ſtars ſhun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away;
Begin ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
For the ſon of ALKNOMOOK ſhall never complain.

II.

Remember the arrows he ſhot from his bow;
Remember your Chiefs by his hatchet laid low:
Why ſo ſlow? do you wait 'till I ſhrink from my pain?
No—the ſon of ALKNOMOOK ſhall never complain.

III.

Remember the wood—where in ambuſh we lay,
And the ſcalps which we bore from your nation away:
Now the flame riſes faſt! You exult in my pain;
But the ſon of ALKNOMOOK ſhall never complain.

IV.

I go to the land where my father is gone;
His ghoſt ſhall rejoice in the fame of his ſon:
Death comes like a friend,—he relieves me from pain;
And the ſon of ALKNOMOOK has ſcorn'd to complain.

## SONG.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. WEBBE.

FROM glaring ſhew and giddy noiſe,
The pleaſures of the vain,
Take me, ye ſoft and ſilent joys,
To your retreats again.

Be mine, ye cool, ye peaceful groves,
Whoſe ſhades to love belong;
Where Echo, as ſhe fondly roves,
Repeats my Strephon's ſong.

Ah! Strephon, why ſhould I depart
From ſolitude and thee?
When in that ſolitude thou art
A perfect world to me.

---

## SONG.

THE Traveller benighted,
And led thro' wearied ways,
The lamp of day new-lighted,
With joy the dawn ſurveys.
The riſing proſpects viewing,
His looks are forward caſt;
He ſmiles, his courſe purſuing,
Nor thinks of what is paſt.

## SONG.

### QUEEN MARY's *LAMENTATION.*

COMPOSED BY SIGNIOR GIORDANI.

I SIGH and lament me in vain,
These walls do but echo my moan;
Alas! it increases my pain
When I think on the days that are gone.
Thro' the gate of my prison I see
The birds as they wanton in air;
My heart how it pants to be free——
My looks they are wild with despair.

II.

Above the oppress by my fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes;
Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,
She ne'er can subdue me to those.
False woman, in ages to come
Thy malice detested shall be;
And when we are cold in the tomb,
Some heart still shall sorrow for me.

III.

Ye roofs, where cold damps and dismay,
With silence and solitude dwell,
How comfortless passes the day——
How sad tolls the evening bell!
The owls from the battlements cry,
Hollow winds seem to murmur around;
O Mary!—prepare thee to die:——
My blood it runs cold at the sound.

## A FAVOURITE SONNET ON FRIENDSHIP.

BY J. W. C.

DISTILL'D amidſt the gloom of night,
Dark hangs the due-drop on the thorn,
'Till notic'd by approach of light,
It glitters in the ſmile of morn.

Morn ſoon retires; her feeble pow'r
The ſun outbeams with genial ray,
And gently, in benignant hour,
Exhales the liquid pearl away.

Thus, on affliction's ſable bed,
Deep ſorrows riſe, of ſaddeſt hue,
Condenſing round the mourner's head,
They bathe the cheek with chilling dew.

Tho' pity ſhews her dawn from heav'n
When, kind, ſhe points aſſiſtance near,—
To FRIENDSHIP'S ſun alone 'tis giv'n
To ſoothe, and dry the mourner's tear.

## SONG.

### A FAVORITE RONDO.

COMPOSED BY SIGNIOR RAUZZINI.

VIRTUE, may thy ſacred arms
Still protect ſoft beauty's charms,
Then will man thy form approve,
And on Virtue found his love.

Weak is Beauty's fickle ſway—
Quickly fleets the month of May:
Virtue will her reign prolong,
She is ever fair and young.

---

## SONG.

ENCOMPASS'D in an Angel's frame
An Angel's virtues lay;
Too ſoon did heav'n aſſert the claim,
And call'd its own away.

My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
Muſt never more return;
What now ſhall fill theſe widow'd arms?
Ah! me——my Anna's URN.

## SONG.

### THE SORROWS OF WERTER.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. HOOK.

WHEN Werter fair Charlotte beheld
As ſhe danc'd with the nymphs on the green,
He thought ev'ry maid ſhe excell'd,
And prais'd the ſoft grace of her mien.
But all her accompliſhments known,
Gentle Werter began to adore;
He ſighs for a heart not her own,
And the joys of poor Werter are o'er.

II.

Tho' vows the fair Charlotte engag'd,
As *a friend* gentle Werter was dear;
Her ſmiles oft his ſorrow aſſuag'd,
While pity has dropt a ſoft tear.
Urg'd by love, he grew bold, and ſhe cry'd,
Werter, leave me, and ſee me no more;
He ſigh'd,—he obey'd,—and he dy'd!
Then the ſorrows of Werter deplore.

III.

Ye nymphs, let not Cupid deceive,
Under pity's ſoft garb hide his dart;
Werter's ſorrows are laid in the grave,
While pity ſtill wrings Charlotte's heart.
And oft o'er his grave has ſhe cried,
While with flow'rets ſhe deck'd it all o'er,
He ſaw me,—he lov'd,—and he dy'd!
Then the ſorrows of Werter deplore.

# THE FORCE OF LOVE.

*A Sequel to the Sorrows of Werter.*

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. MOULDS.

WHEN firſt the fatal news arriv'd,
That Werter was no more;
Charlotte of reaſon was depriv'd—
Fell ſenſeleſs on the floor.
When ſhe reviv'd, her eyes ſhe rais'd,
And cry'd, with wild deſpair,
His faithful heart be ever prais'd,
For Love and Truth dwelt there.

II.

The wretched Charlotte at his tomb
Oft paid the tribute due;
Wept o'er his grave, and mourn'd his doom,
And ſigh'd for love ſo true.
His loſs ſhe could not long ſurvive,
For life was at a ſtand;
Her colour fled, her cheeks grew pale,—
She dropp'd her lilly hand.

III.

Then gently rais'd her eyes to heav'n,
With feeble voice ſhe cry'd,
Bleſt youth, be all thy faults forgiv'n,—
She heav'd a ſigh——and dy'd.
ALBERT he mourn'd his wife and friend,
And ſhed the tender tear:
The village wept their mournful end,
And nought was left to chear.

---

## SONG.

MUSIC BY MR. SHIELDS.

YE pow'rs, who make virtue your care,
O bend from your bowers above;
Say, why ſhould diſtreſs and deſpair
Be the conſtant attendants of LOVE?

Should war, with its wide-ſpreading force,
Of nations the ſcourge and the curſe,
To tenfold its rage be encreas'd,
The torments of Lovers are worſe.

## SONG.

### POOR ORRA TINK OF YANKO DEAR.

COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.

POOR Orra tink of Yanko dear,
Tho' he be gone for ever;
For he no dead,—he ſtill live here,
And he from here go never.

Like on a ſand me mark my face,
De wave come roll him over;
De mark he go, but ſtill de place
'Tis eaſy to diſcover.

II.

I ſee fore now de tree, de flower,
He droop like Orra, ſurely,—
And den by'm bye dere come a ſhower,
He hold him head up purely.

And ſo ſome time me tink me die,
Me heart ſo ſick he grieve me;
But in a lilly time me cry
Good deal,——and dat relieve me.

## INDIAN SONG.

COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.

WHEN Yanko dear fight far away,
Some token kind me ſend;
One branch of olive, for dat ſay
Me wiſh de battle end.

De poplar tremble while him go,
Say of dy life take care;
Me ſend no laurel, for me know
Of dat he find him ſhare.

II.

De ivy ſay my heart be true,
Me droop, ſay willow tree;
De torn, he ſay, me ſick for you,
De ſunflow'r, tink of me.

'Till laſt me go weep wid de pine,
For fear poor Yanko dead:
He come! and I de myrtle twine
In chaplet for him head.

# MARY SCOT,

## A FAVORITE SCOTCH SONG

HAPPY's the love that meets return,
When in ſoft flames ſouls equal burn;
But words are wanting to diſcover
The torments of a hopeleſs lover.
Ye regiſters of heav'n relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of fate
Did ye there ſee me mark'd to marrow,
Mary Scot the flow'r of Yarrow.

II.

Ah, no! her form's too heav'nly fair—
Her love the Gods above muſt ſhare,
While mortals with deſpair implore her,
And at a diſtance due, adore her.——
O, lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bleſs me with a ſmile;
Alas! if not, you ſoon debar a
Sighing ſwain the banks of Yarrow.

III.

Be huſh, ye fears,—I'll not deſpair,
My Mary's tender as ſhe's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all my anguiſh,
She is too good to let me languiſh.
With ſucceſs crowned, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the ſky;
When Mary Scot's become my marrow,
We'll make a paradiſe of Yarrow.

## SONG.

COMPOSED BY MR. SHIELDS.

DEAR object of each fond deſire,
Why aſk the limits of a fire,
Whoſe embers ſhall retain a heat
Till life's laſt pulſe ſhall ceaſe to beat?
Tho' time, more rapid, takes his flight
Whene'er you bleſs my raviſh'd ſight,
Still he leaves behind ſome trace
To teſtify a new-born grace.

II.

On the fair record of the breaſt
Theſe virtues truly are impreſt;
They live, to Delia's image juſt,
Like trophies round a medal'd buſt.
Then ceaſe, my deareſt, to enquire
The limit of affection's fire,
Unleſs you wiſh to know the date,
Then life ſhall ſtoop to conjuring fate.

# SONG.

BY F. A. *

MUSIC COMPOSED BY MR. CAMIDGE.

THO' grandeur reigns with ſplendid pow'r,
Alluring ſcenes may ſtill delight;
Yet ah! how ſweeter far the bow'r
Where Innocence and Love unite.

II.

How ſweet to taſte the mutual bliſs,
In rural ſolitude enjoy'd,
Where ſoft, harmonious ſtrains confeſs
Thoſe ſacred raptures unannoy'd.

III.

Where Virtue deigns to hear the ſwain
With warmth his ardent paſſion tell;
The nymph nor fears to ſoothe his pain,
Secure where Love and Virtue dwell.

IV.

Ah! give me then the peaceful ſhade,
The favor'd ſcene of her I love;
Be ev'ry anxious fear allay'd,
For grandeur's charms no more can move.

* *This Song was written in Vauxhall Gardens.*

# SONG.

BY MR. HULL.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY MICHAEL ARNE.

COME Fancy,—thou, who canſt regain
What Time, with impious flight,
Miſdeems her own, and tries in vain
To veil in endleſs night.
O! give me, e'er the golden rays
Are from the ſky withdrawn,
With raptur'd eye once more to trace,
The Cottage on the Lawn.

II.

There friendſhip, love, the evening crown'd,
There hail'd the riſing day—
The brook, the meadow ſmil'd around,
And all was ſweet and gay:
Within yon' grove the feather'd race
Make vocal eve and dawn,
And in their carols ſeem to praiſe
The Cottage on the Lawn.

III.

O! from my mind thoſe happy ſcenes
May no idea chace;
Ambition and his golden dreams
Would ill ſupply the place.
The charms that *pow'r* or *wealth* convey,
From me be all withdrawn,
So I may chaunt in humble lay
The Cottage on the Lawn.

# SONG.

## THE GRACES.

MUSIC BY SIGNIOR GIORDANI.

WHEN erſt the Graces ſprung from heav'n,
To each a diff'rent charm was given
For her peculiar ſway:———
THALIA with a bloom was born,
That might abaſh the bluſh of morn,
And ſuch as you diſplay.

EUPHROSYNE had all the glee
That you diſpenſe ſo merrily,
Whilſt glides the feſtive hour.
The flow of wit you've at command,
Which ſure no mortal can withſtand—
All, all that hear devour.

AGLAIA next, with modeſt mein,
The pink of elegance, is ſeen
As when you ſplendid ſhine:
So now, ſweet maid, all muſt agree
That ev'ry charm which forms the three,
By ſpecial gift is thine.

# SONG.

WORDS BY LORD LITTLETON,

MUSIC BY MONS. GRETRY,

AND ADAPTED BY DR. HAYES.

TO him who in an hour muſt die,
Not ſwifter ſeems that hour to fly,
Than flow the minutes ſeem to me
Which keep me from the ſight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give
Another day, or year, to live,
Than I to ſhorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains.

II.

Oh! come to my impatient arms;
Oh! come, with all thy heav'nly charms,
At once to juſtify, and pay,
The pain I feel from this delay.

My ſoul is fill'd with thee alone,
Nor other wiſh nor object knows;
O make me bleſt,—be all my own,
And give my heart ſecure repoſe.

## SONG.

### THE GREEN SEDGY BANKS.

ON the green ſedgy banks of the ſweet winding Tay,
As blithe as the woodlark that carols in May,
I paſs'd the gay moments with joy and delight,
For peace chear'd the morn, and content crown'd the night;
Till love taught young hope my youth to deceive,—
What we wiſh to be true—love bids us believe.

II.

Wherever I wander, thro' hill, dale, or grove,
Young Sandy would follow with ſoft tales of love;
Enraptur'd he preſs'd me, then vow'd with a ſigh,
If Jenny was cruel,—alas! he muſt die:
A youth ſo engaging, with eaſe might deceive,—
What we wiſh to be true—love bids us believe.

III.

He ſtole my fond heart, then he left me to mourn,
For peace and content that ne'er can return:
From the clown to the beau the ſex are all art,
They complain of the wound, but we feel the ſmart;
We join in the fraud, and ourſelves we deceive,—
What we wiſh to be true—love bids us believe.

## SONG.

THE MUSIC BY MR. ARNE.

WOULD you taſte the noon-tide air,
To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
Where, woven with the poplar bough,
The mantling vine will ſhelter you.
Down each ſide a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murm'ring as it goes
Lightly o'er the moſſy ground;
Sultry Phœbus ſcorching round.
Round the languid herds and ſheep,
Stretch'd o'er ſunny hillocks ſleep;
While on the hyacinth and roſe
The fair does all alone repoſe.

*Andante.*

All alone, yet in her arms
Your breaſt may beat to love's alarms,
Till bleſt and bleſſing, you ſhall own
The joys of love are joys alone.

## SONG. *Two Parts.*

## POOR SOLDIER.

### PATRICK AND NORAH.

*Pat.*

A ROSE-TREE full in bearing,
Had ſweet flowers fair to ſee
One roſe, beyond comparing,
For beauty attracted me.
Tho' eager once to win it,
Lovely, blooming, freſh, and gay,
I find a canker in it,
And now throw it far away.

II.

*Norah.*

How fine this morning early,
The ſun ſhining clear and bright;
So late I lov'd you dearly,
Tho' loſt now each fond delight.
The clouds ſeem big with ſhowers,
Sunny beams no more are ſeen,—
Farewell ye happy hours,
Your falſehood has chang'd the ſcene.

*Both.*

The clouds ſeem big, &c. to the end.

# SONG.

## FAVORITE DUETT IN THE CRITIC.

### ITALIAN AND ENGLISH WORDS.

LUSINGHIERO m'ingannaſti
Mi tradiſti o Dio perche
Tu pian geſti e ſoſpiraſti
Tu giuraſti fede ame
Traditore ingannatore
Tutto il male vien da te
Traditore ingannatore
Tutto il male vien da te.

Flatt'rer, why doſt thou deceive me;
Why betray my conſtant love?
Why, with ſighs and well-feign'd ſorrow,
Haſt thou ſworn thy faith to prove?
Falſe betrayer—thou baſe deceiver,
Ev'ry grief I owe to thee.
Falſe betrayer, &c. &c.

## SONG.

### TARRY HERE WITH ME AND LOVE.

BY MR. DIBDIN.

STRAY not to thoſe diſtant ſcenes,
From thy comfort do not rove;
Tarry in thoſe peaceful glens—
Tread the quiet paths of love.
Is not this ſequeſter'd ſhade
Richer than the proud alcove?
Tarry in this peaceful ſhade——
Tarry here with me and love.

II.

Liſten to the woodlark's note——
Liſten to the cooing dove;
Hark! the Thruſh's mellow note,
All uniting carol love.
See the limpid brooks around,
Winding thro' the varied grove;
This is paſſion's fairy ground——
Tarry here with me and love.

## SONG.

### PLATO's ADVICE.*

SAYS Plato why ſhould man be vain,
Since bounteous heav'n hath made him great?
Why look with inſolent diſdain
On thoſe undeck'd with wealth or ſtate?
Can ſplendid robes, or beds of down,
Or coſtly gems that deck the fair,—
Can all the glories of a crown
Give health, or eaſe the brow of care?

II.

The ſcepter'd king, the burthen'd ſlave,
The humble, and the haughty die;
The rich, the poor, the baſe, the brave,
In duſt, without diſtinction, lie.
Go ſearch the tombs where monarchs reſt,
Who once the greateſt titles bore;
The wealth and glory they poſſeſs'd,
And all their honours, are no more.

* *An alteration of a Poem, written by the Rev. Mr. Matthew (huſband of the celebrated Letitia)* Pilkington, *beginning*, "Why, Lycidas, ſhould man be vain,"

III.

So glides the meteor thro' the ſky,
And ſpreads along a gilded train,—
But, when its ſhort-liv'd beauties die,
Diſſolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial ſouls:——
Let friendſhip reign while here we ſtay;
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls:—
When Jove us calls we muſt obey.

---

## SONG.

### THE ENCHANTMENT.

BY MR. OTWAY.

I DID but look and love a while——
'Twas but for one half hour;
Then to reſiſt I had no will,
And now I have no power.

To ſigh, and wiſh, is all my eaſe,
Sighs which do heat impart,
Enough to melt the coldeſt ice,
Yet cannot warm your heart.

O would your pity give my heart
One corner of your breaſt,
'Twould learn of your's the winning art,
And quickly ſteal the reſt.

## SONG.

### FROM AN ODE TO SUPERSTITION, &c.

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and warbles there;
Cloſe by my cot ſhe tells her tale
To ev'ry paſſing villager.
The ſquirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And ſhells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bow'rs,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my lov'd lute's romantic ſound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For thoſe that win the race at eve.

The ſhepherd's horn, at break of day,
The ballet danc'd in twilight glade;
The canzonet and roundelay,
Sung in the ſilent greenwood ſhade.
Theſe ſimple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

# SONG.

## THE SKYLARK,

BY SHENSTONE.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. M. CAMIDGE.

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'ſt the ſkies,
To DAPHNE's window ſpeed away;
And there on quiv'ring pinions riſe——
And there thy vocal art diſplay.

And if ſhe deign thy notes to hear,
And if ſhe praiſe thy matin ſong,
Tell her the ſounds that ſoothe her ear,
To DAMON's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may ſhine;
But aſk the lovely partial maid,
What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon' witleſs beau,
And all his flaunting race, with ſcorn,
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who ſings her praiſe, and ſings forlorn.

## SONG.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
And friendſhip's a jewel we ſeldom can meet;
How ſtrange does it ſeem, that, in ſearching around,
This ſource of content is ſo rare to be found.
O friendſhip! thou balm and rich ſweet'ner of life!
Kind parent of eaſe, and compoſer of ſtrife!
Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,
But empty deluſions, the joys of an hour?

II.

How much to be priz'd and eſteem'd is a friend,
On whom we may always with ſafety depend!
Our joys, when extended, will always increaſe;
And griefs, when divided, are huſh'd into peace.
When fortune is ſmiling, what crowds will appear,
Their kindneſs to offer, and friendſhip ſincere!
Yet change but the proſpect, and point out diſtreſs,
No longer to court you they eagerly preſs.

## SONG.

SUNG BY MR. MEREDITH.

NOW to pant on Thetis' breaſt,
Phœbus bluſhes down the Weſt,
And in raptures ſeems to ſay,
Mortals end like me the day.
Join ye merry rural throng,
Mirth and muſic, dance and ſong;
Ever happy, ever gay,
Life is here a holiday.

II.

Nature's freeborn ſub ects reign
Blooming tenants of the plain.
Sunny vale and ſhady grove
Echo to the voice of love;
While the changeful year ſupplies
Pleaſure to the heart and eyes:
Ever happy, &c. &c.

III.

Far from noiſe, from pomp or ſtate,
Joys and troubles of the great,
Shelter'd by Contentment's wings,
Here the bird of rapture ſings;
While the God of ſoft delight
Glads the noon and chears the night:
Ever happy, &c. &c.

# SONG.

SUNG AT VAUXHALL BY MISS BERTLES.

"*Muſic is the Voice of Love.*"

SOFTLY ſweet the minutes glide,
With tuneful DAMON by my ſide;
His ſongs delight the liſt'ning grove,
For muſic is the voice of love.

II.

When moonbeams glitter o'er the ſtream,
How ſweet his ſong when love's the theme;
His plaintive notes the nymphs approve,
For muſic is the voice of love.

III.

If other maids admire his lays,
While ſoft and ſweet he ſings my praiſe;
The tender tale I muſt approve,
For muſic is the voice of love.

## A FAVORITE SONG.

SUNG BY MR. MEREDITH.

JOVE when he ſaw my Fanny's face,
With wond'rous paſſion mov'd,
Forgot the caſe of human race,
And felt at laſt he lov'd.
Then to the God of ſoft deſire
His ſuit he thus addreſs'd,——
I Fanny love with ardent fire,
O touch her tender breaſt.

II.

Your ſighs are hopeleſs, Cupid cried,
I lov'd the maid before:
What rival me? the Power replied,
Whom Gods and men adore.
He graſp'd the bolt, he ſhook the ſprings
Of his imperial throne,
While Cupid wav'd his roſy wings,
And in a breath was gone.

III.

O'er earth and ſeas the Godhead flew,
But ſtill no ſhelter found;
For as he fled, his dangers grew,
And light'nings flaſh'd around.
At laſt his trembling fear impels
His flight to Fanny's eyes,
Where happy, ſafe, and pleas'd, he dwells,
Nor minds his native ſkies.

## SONG.

### COLIN THAT LIVES IN THE VALE.

*( A favorite Vauxhall Song. )*

SUNG BY MISS BERTLES.

WHERE the jeſſamin ſweetens the bow'r,
And cowſlips adorn the gay green;
And the roſes, refreſh'd by the ſhow'r,
Contribute to brighten the ſcene:
In a cottage retirement there lives
Young Colin, and Phœbe the fair;
The bleſſings each other receive,
In mutual enjoyment they ſhare.
And the lads tell the laſſes, in hopes to prevail,
They're as conſtant as Colin that lives in the Vale.

II.

The ſweets of contentment ſupply
The ſplendour and grandeur of pride;
No wants can the ſhepherd annoy,
While bleſt with his beautiful bride:
He wiſhes no greater delight
Than to tend on his lambkins by day,
And return to his Phœbe at night,
His innocent toil to repay.
And the lads tell the laſſes, in hopes to prevail,
They're as conſtant as Colin that lives in the Vale.

III.

If her lover delighted appears,
The fair one partakes of his bliſs;
If dejected, ſhe ſooths all his cares,
And heals ev'ry pain with a kiſs.
Ye ſwains who're accuſtom'd to rove,
And each innocent fair one betray,
From this pair learn the true joys of love,
And his dictates with honor obey.
Your paſſions, fond ſhepherds, will ſurely prevail,
If you're conſtant as Colin that lives in the Vale.

---

## SONG.

### ROSLINE CASTLE.

'TWAS in that ſeaſon of the year,
When all things gay and ſweet appear,
That Colin with the morning ray
Aroſe, and ſung his rural lay:
Of Nanny's charms the ſhepherd ſung,—
The hills and dales with Nanny rung;
While Roſline Caſtle heard the ſwain,
And echo'd back the chearful ſtrain.

II.

Awake, ſweet muſe! the breathing ſpring,
With rapture warms, awake and ſing;
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with their ſong.
To Nanny raiſe the chearful lay,
O bid her haſte and come away;
In ſweeteſt ſmiles herſelf adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

III.

O hark, my love! on ev'ry ſpray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the raviſh'd throng,
And love inſpires the melting ſong:
Then let my raptur'd notes ariſe,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
And love my riſing boſom warms,
And fills my ſoul with ſweet alarms.

IV.

O! come, my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls: O come away;
Come, while the muſe this wreathe ſhall twine
Around that modeſt brow of thine.
O hither haſte, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the ſpring;
Thoſe graces that divinely ſhine,
And charm this raviſh'd breaſt of mine.

# SONG.

## LADY JANE GRAY's *LAMENTATION.*

COMPOSED BY SIGNIOR GIORDANI.

FROM theſe dread walls, this melancholy tow'r,
(Doom'd the ſad victim of relentleſs pow'r)
Where Ruin ſits in gloomy pomp array'd,
And circling horrors ſpread their mournful ſhade,
I ſend the tribute of a ſhort'ning life,
The laſt memorial of a faithful wife;
For ev'ry hope on this ſide heav'n's dead,
And death's pale banner waves around my head.

It yet, perchance, may chear my lord to know,
That SUFFOLK'S DAUGHTER ſinks not with her woe:
Beneath its weight I feel myſelf reſign'd,
Tho' ſtrong the preſſure——ſtronger ſtill my mind;—
This duty paid to thee, each care is o'er,
Nor my hard fortune ſhall diſtreſs me more.

# SONG.

SUNG BY MRS. CROUCH

*In the Comedy of the Heireſs.*

FOR tenderneſs faſhion'd, in life's early day,
A parent's ſoft ſorrow to mine led the way;
The leſſon of pity was caught from her eye,
And ere I knew language, I ſpoke with a ſigh.

II.

The nightingale plunder'd,—the mate-widow'd dove,
The warbled complaint of the ſuffering grove;
To youth, as it ripen'd, gave ſentiment new:
The object ſtill changing, the ſympathy true.

III.

Soft embers of paſſion yet reſt in their glow;
A warmth of more pain may this breaſt never know!
Or if too indulgent the bleſſing I claim,
Let the ſpark drop from reaſon, that weakens the flame.

## SONG.

*Written on a Stile under a Tree, near the Ruins of Leiceſter Abbey.*

BY GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY.

WHAT different tracks do mortals take,
What riſks they run for pleaſure's ſake;
The ruſtic hies to country fair,
In hopes to meet his damſel there;
The beaux and belles, of ev'ry place,
Make ſtruggles all in pleaſure's chace:
Some to the ball-room all bedight,
Would hunt her out by candle-light;
No place is left for penſive me,
None but my friendly ſtile and tree.

II.

There, while I'm ſhelter'd from the ſun,
That half his daily courſe has run,
Full oft I liſten with content
Unto ſome wood's inhabitant;
The mellow ozel, or the dove,
That ſing their unmoleſted love;
Or where the tuneful Philomel
Chaunts o'er his ſweet harmonic tale;
Let no one envy penſive me
My tranquil ſcene——my ſtile and tree.

III.

There oft I roam, as 'twere by ſtealth,
And there receive the balm of health,
Where no envenom'd tongues deride,
By envy prompted, or by pride;
There pleaſure's form is ever ſeen,
And ſmiling treads upon the green;
While nature, with her bounteous hand,
Beſtrews her riches on the land;
Let no one envy penſive me
The tranquil ſcene——my ſtile and tree.

IV.

Or when the ſilent ſolemn night
Shall borrow Cynthia's ſilver light,
When all is huſh'd and all ſerene,
Where but the owl and bat are ſeen,
Near to ſome old monaſtic pile
Again I ſeek my friendly ſtile;
Sometimes in contemplation loſt,
To think what labour it has coſt;
Let no one envy penſive me
The tranquil ſcene——the ſtile and tree.

# SONG.

## SAUNDY OF THE FORTH.

### A BALLAD.

BY GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY.

YOUNG Saundy was preſs'd from his Alice's ſide,
As they ſtray'd to converſe in the dale;
And Saundy had aſk'd the fair maid for his bride;
But, alas! as he told her his tale,
They tore him away, tho' ſhe fell on her knees,
And implor'd them to ſpare her dear ſwain;
But the gang it was deaf to her heart rending pleas,
And they hurry'd him off to the main.

II.

She ſtood all alone a pale ſtatue of grief,
When at length the tears burſt from her eyes;
No friend near her ſide to afford her relief,
And ſhe aſk'd it at length of the ſkies.
The night-chearing moon was abſorb'd in a cloud,
And the wind 'gan to riſe in the North;
The flocks on the mountains all bleated aloud,
And the waves 'gan to foam in the Forth.

III.

At this moment the *Galley* was making its way
With the head-drooping Saundy on board,
Who ſpy'd at a diſtance the ſhip as ſhe lay,
In the mouth of the Forth ſhe was moor'd:
But the waves with the mountains now all ſeem'd to vie,
For each wave left a valley below:
Be ſteady! be ſteady! good lads, was the cry,
Or adown to the bottom we go.

IV.

Theſe words were ſcarce ſpoke, when a turbulent wave
Bid defiance the ſkill of each oar;
For they all ſunk at once in a watery grave,—
All but one, that was caſt on the ſhore:
'Twas Saundy, for whom the kind fates interfer'd,
As a warning that nought ſhould remove
The bondage of faith, when it ever adher'd
To the hallowed mandates of love.

V.

He fled to his Alice, who mourn'd in deſpair,—
But when ſhe her Saundy beheld,
His preſence ſoon vanquiſh'd her viſitor, Care,
And the vapours of ſorrow diſpell'd.
To the mountains they fled, far away from the main,
Where no rude aſſailants engage;
No ruffians to part the fond lovers again,
Till time ſhall intrude with old age.

## SONG.

THOU haſt play'd a falſe, a faithleſs part,—
Remorſe will wait on thee, my love;
Ambition hath ſeduc'd the heart
Which honor ow'd to me——my love.

Tho' ſplendour deck thy nuptial bow'r,—
Tho' pleaſures round thee fly, my love;
Each joy that marks the playful hour,
Shall labour with a ſigh——my love.

And when the penſive moments come,
For who from theſe are free, my love;
Perhaps thou'lt mourn thy MELVILLE's doom,
And lend a tear to me——my love.

---

## SONG.

### MARY's DREAM.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY MR. RELFE.

THE moon had climb'd the higheſt hill
That riſes o'er the ſource of Dee,
And from the Eaſtern ſummit ſhed
Her ſilver light on tow'r and tree;
When Mary laid her down to ſleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at ſea:
Then ſoft and low a voice was heard
Say——Mary weep no more for me.

II.

She from her pillow gently rais'd
  Her head, to aſk who there might be,
And ſaw young Sandy ſhivering ſtand,
  With palid cheek and hollow eye.
O, Mary dear! cold is my clay,
  It lies beneath a ſtormy ſea;
Far, far from thee, I ſleep in death,
  So Mary weep no more for me.

III.

Three ſtormy nights and ſtormy days
  We toſs'd upon the raging main,
And long we ſtrove our bark to ſave,
  But all our ſtriving was in vain:
E'en then, when horror chill'd my blood,
  My heart was fill'd with love for thee.
The ſtorm is paſt, and I at reſt,
  So Mary weep no more for me.

IV.

O! maiden dear! thyſelf prepare,
  We ſoon ſhall meet upon that ſhore
Where love is free from doubt or care,
  And thou and I ſhall part no more.
Loud crow'd the cock! the ſhadow fled!
  No more of Sandy could ſhe ſee;
But ſoft the paſſing ſpirit ſaid,
  O! Mary! weep no more for me.

## SONG.

### MARY's DEATH AT SANDY's TOMB.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY MR. RELFE.

*Largo.*

LOUD toll'd the ſtern bellman of night,
When Mary, dejected and ſad,
To the turf had directed her flight,
Wherein her cold lover lay clad.

How long, my lov'd Sandy, ſhe cry'd,
Muſt my heart in lone anguiſh complain?
How long? till in death we're ally'd,
And fate cannot part us again.

Hark! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb;
Come, Mary, it cries, come away;
To partake of thy lover's ſad doom,
And reſt thee beſides his cold clay.

*Largetto Siciliano.*

I hear the kind call, and I come,
Ye friends and companions, adieu!
I haſte to my Sandy's dark tomb,
To die on his boſom, ſo true.
I hear the kind call, and obey;
Ah! Sandy, receive me, ſhe cried;
Then breathing a ſigh o'er his clay,
She hung on his Tombſtone——and dy'd.

## SONG.

### CONTENT. A PASTORAL.

BY CUNNINGHAM.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, wide, barren, and bare,
As wilder'd and wearied I roam;
A gentle young ſhepherdeſs ſees my deſpair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home.
Yellow ſheafs from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green ruſhes were ſtrew'd on her floor;
Her caſement ſweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the ſod ſeats at her door.

II.

We ſat ourſelves down to a cooling repaſt——
Freſh fruits, and ſhe cull'd me the beſt;
Whilſt thrown from my guard by ſome glances ſhe caſt,
Love ſlily ſtole into my breaſt.
I told my ſoft wiſhes; ſhe ſweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins her voice was divine!)
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
Yet take me fond ſhepherd, I'm thine.

III.

Her air was ſo modeſt, her aſpect ſo meek;
So ſimple, yet ſweet were her charms;
I kiſs'd the ripe roſes that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few ſheep,
And if—on the banks by the ſtream,
Reclin'd on her boſom I ſink into ſleep,——
Her image ſtill ſoftens my dream.

IV.

Together we range o'er the ſlow riſing hills,
Delighted with paſtoral views;
Or reſt on the rock, whence the ſtreamlet diſtills,
And mark out new themes for my muſe.
To pomp or proud titles ſhe ne'er did aſpire,—
The damſel's of humble deſcent;
The cottager, Peace, is well known for her ſire,
And ſhepherds have nam'd her CONTENT.

---

## SONG.

MUSIC BY DR. ARNOLD.

IN the prattl'ing hours of youth,
Artleſs nature leagues with truth;
Oft we laugh and oft we cry,
When perhaps we know not why.

But when varied hopes and fears
Mark the courſe of riper years;
If we ſmile, or if we ſigh,
Do you think we know not why?

Queſtion'd then of flames and darts,
Broken vows, and bleeding hearts;
If your purpoſe we deny,
Don't ſuppoſe we know not why.

---

## SONG.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

MUSIC BY MR. CAMIDGE.

AH! Hope, thou dear deceiver, ſtay,—
Still, ſtill ſupport my drooping ſoul;
Sweet flatt'rer, do not wing thy way,
But yet thoſe idle fears controul.

Within my breaſt ſhould ſad Deſpair
Her mournful preſence thine invade,——
My ſad companion, waſting Care,
To weep and ſigh in ſome lone ſhade.

Till worn with grief, at early age
My lifeleſs form is laid ſupine;
Sad cypreſs wreaths, ye nymphs engage,
Around my hapleſs tomb to twine.

## SONG.

THE MUSIC BY MR. ARNE.

SWEET Echo! ſweeteſt nymph, that lives unſeen
Within thy airy cell,
By ſlow meander's margin green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her ſad ſong mourneth well.
Canſt thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
That likeſt thy Narciſſus are?
O! if thou haſt hid them in ſome flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where, ſweet queen of parly,
Daughter of the ſphere.
So may'ſt thou be tranſlated to the ſkies,
And give reſounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.

---

## SONG.

MUSIC BY MR. SHIELDS.

*Angelina.*

O NIGHTINGALE! who, on yon blooming ſpray,
Was bleſt at eve, when all the woods were ſtill;
Thou with freſh hope the lover's heart doth fill,
While jovial hours lead on propitious May.
Thy languid notes, which cloſe the eyes of day,
Portend ſucceſs in love.

## SONG.

MUSIC BY MR. SHIELDS,

*Sung in the character of Edwin in Robin Hood.*

SINCE all my hopes, dear maid,
Are blown to air;
And my fond heart's betray'd
To ſad deſpair;
Here, in this wilderneſs,
My ſorrows I'll rehearſe,——
And thy hard heartedneſs,
Thou cruel fair.

No bell, no fun'ral fire,
No tears for me;——
No grave do I deſire,
Ne obſequie.
The gentle redbreaſt he
With leaves ſhall cover me,
And ſing my elegy
Moſt dolefully.

---

## SONG.

MUSIC BY MR. SHIELDS.

*Sung in the character of Edwin in Robin Hood.*

HER hair is like a golden clue
Drawn from Minerva's loom,
Her lips carnations dropping dew,
Her breath is a perfume.

Her brow is like the mountain ſnow,
Gilt by the morning beam;
Her cheeks like living roſes glow,—
Her eyes like azure ſtream.

Adieu! my friend——be me forgot,
And from thy mind defac'd;
But may that happineſs be thine,
Which I can never taſte.

---

## SONG. *Two Parts.*

MUSIC BY MR. SHIELDS.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

*Edwin.*

THUS let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care reſign;

*Angelina.*

And ſhall we never, never part?
My life, my all that's mine.

*Both.*

No never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love ſo true;
The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too.

☞ Breaks Angelina's too.

## BALLAD.

COMPOSED BY MR. SHIELDS.

*Sung by Angelina in the character of a Pilgrim.*

I TRAVERS'D Judah's barren ſand,
At beauty's altar to adore;
But there the Turk had ſpoil'd the land,
And SION's daughters were no more.
In Greece, the bold, imperious mien,
The wanton look, the leering eye,
Bade love's devotion not be ſeen
Where conſtancy is never nigh.

II.

From thence to Italy's fair ſhore
I bent my never ceaſing way,
And to Loretta's temple bore
A mind devoted ſtill to pray.
But there, too, Superſtition's hand
Had ſicklied ev'ry feature o'er,
And made me ſoon regain the land
Where beauty fills the Weſtern ſhore.

III.

Where Hymen, with celeſtial pow'r
Connubial tranſport doth adorn;
Where pureſt virtue ſports the hour
That uſhers in each happy morn.
Ye daughters of old Albion's iſle,
Where'er I go, where'er I ſtray;
O Charity's ſweet children ſmile
To chear a pilgrim on his way.

## SONG. *DUENNA.*

*Louiſa.*

THOU canſt not boaſt of fortune's ſtore,
My love, while me they wealthy call;
But I was glad to find thee poor,
For with my heart I give thee all;
And then the grateful youth will own
I lov'd him for himſelf alone.

II.

But when his worth my hand ſhall gain,
No word or look of mine ſhall ſhow
That I the ſmalleſt thought retain
Of what my bounty did beſtow.
Yet ſtill his grateful heart ſhall own
I lov'd him for himſelf alone.

---

## SONG. *DUENNA.*

FOR THREE VOICES.

SOFT pity never leaves the gentle breaſt,
Where love has been receiv'd a welcome gueſt:
As wand'ring ſaints poor huts have ſacred made,
He hallows ev'ry heart he once has ſway'd;
And when oblig'd to quit the kind abode,
Still leaves a relick that beſpeaks the God.

# SERENADE.

FROM THE DUENNA.

ANTHONIO.

TELL me, my lute, can thy ſond ſtrain
So gently ſpeak thy maſter's pain,
So ſweetly ſing, ſo humbly ſigh,
That tho' my ſleeping love ſhould know
Who ſings, who ſighs below,
Her roſy ſlumbers ſhall not fly?

Thus may ſome viſion whiſper more
Than ever I dare ſpeak before!

*Andantino.*

The crimſon morn bids hence the night;——
Unvail thoſe beauteous eyes, my fair;
For till the dawn of love is there,
I feel no day,——I own no light.

LOUISA.

Waking,——I heard thy numbers chide;
Waking,——the dawn did bleſs my ſight;
'Tis Phœbus ſure that woos, I cried,
Who ſpeaks in ſong—who moves in light.

## SONG. *DUENNA.*

*Don Ferdinand.*

O CRUEL maid, how haſt thou chang'd
The temper of my mind;
My heart, by thee from mirth eſtrang'd,
Becomes, like thee, unkind.——
By Fortune favor'd, clear in Fame,
I once ambitious was;
And Friends I had that fann'd the flame,
And gave my youth applauſe.

II.

But now my weakneſs all abuſe,——
Yet vain their taunts on me;
Friends, Fortune, Fame itſelf, I'd loſe,
To gain one ſmile from thee.
Yet only thou ſhould'ſt not deſpiſe
My folly, or my woe;
If I am mad in others eyes——
'Tis thou haſt made me ſo.

III.

But days like theſe, with doubting curſt,
I will not long endure:
Am I deſpiſed? I know the worſt,
And alſo know my cure.
If, falſe her vows ſhe dare renounce,
She inſtant ends my pain;
For oh! that heart muſt break at once
Which *cannot* hate again.

## SONG. *DUENNA.*

*Don Ferdinand.*

SHALL not my ſoul to veng'ance now be mov'd?
By him I truſted robb'd of her I lov'd.

Sharp is the woe that wounds the jealous mind,
When treach'ry two fond hearts would rend;
But oh! how keener far the pang, to find
That traitor in our boſom friend.

---

## SONG. *POOR SOLDIER.*

*Norah.*

THE meadows look charming, the birds ſweetly ſing,
So gaily they carol the praiſes of ſpring;
Tho' nature rejoices, poor Norah ſhall mourn,
Until her dear Patrick again ſhall return.

II.

Ye laſſes of Dublin, ah! hide your gay charms,
Nor lure my dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms;
Tho' ſattins and ribbons and laces are fine,
They hide not a heart with ſuch feelings as mine.

## SONG. *ROSINA.*

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. SHIELDS.

*Belville.*

HER mouth, which a ſmile,
Devoid of all guile,
Half opens to view,
Is the bud of the roſe
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath
Than the flow'r ſcented heath
At the dawning of day,
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lilly's perfume,
Or the bloſſoms of May.

---

## SONG. *ROSINA.*

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. SHIELDS.

*William.*

WHEN bidden to the wake or fair,
The joy of each free-hearted ſwain,
Till Phœbe promis'd to be there,
I loiter'd laſt of all the train.
If chance ſome fairing caught my eye,——
The ribbon gay, or ſilken glove!
With eager haſte I ran to buy,
For what is gold compar'd to love?

II.

My poeſy on her boſom plac'd,
Could Harry's ſweeter ſcents exhale;
Her auburn locks my ribbon grac'd,
And flutter'd in the wanton gale.
With ſcorn ſhe hears me now complain,
Nor can my ruſtic preſents move:
Her heart prefers a richer ſwain,
And gold, alas! has baniſh'd love.

---

## DUETT IN *ROSINA*.

WILLIAM AND PHOEBE.

MUSIC BY MR. SHIELDS.

IN gaudy courts, with aching hearts,
The great at fortune rail;
The hills may higher honours claim,
But peace is in the vale.
See high-born dames, in rooms of ſtate,
With midnight revels pale;
No youth admires their faded charms,
For beauty's in the vale.

*Both.*

Amid the ſhades the virgin's ſighs
Add fragrance to the gale;
So they that will, may take the hill,
Since love is in the vale.

# DUETT IN *ROSINA.*

BELVILLE AND ROSINA.

MUSIC BY MR. SHIELDS.

*Belville.*

FOR you, my ſweet maid,—ah! be not afraid,
I feel an affection which ſtill wants a name.

*Roſina.*

When firſt;——but in vain—I ſeek to explain,
What heart but muſt love you, I bluſh, fear, and ſhame.

*Belville.*

Why thus timid, Roſina?—Still ſafe by my ſide,
Let me be your guardian, protector, and guide.

*Roſina.*

My timid heart pants,—tho' ſafe by your ſide;
Be you my protector, my guardian, my guide.

*Both.* { Why thus timid, Roſina? / My timid heart pants, } &c. &c. &c.

*Belville.*

O baniſh each fear,—believe me ſincere,
My paſſion no longer, no longer I'll hide.

*Roſina.*

Who can but believe,——you ne'er will deceive;
O! do not my fondneſs, my tenderneſs chide.

*Belville.*

Then hence thoſe alarms; O! come to my arms,
And let me for ever, for ever be thine.

*Roſina.*

Ah! take my fond heart,—nor e'er let us part,
But bleſs us together, ye powers divine.

## SONG.

## THE TARTAN PLAID.

A NEW SCOTCH SONG.

SUNG BY MISS LEARY.

BY moonlight on the green,
Where lads and laſſes ſtray,
How ſweet the bloſſom'd bean,
How ſweet the new-made hay.
But not to me ſa ſweet
The bloſſom of the thorn,
As when my lad I meet
More freſh than May-Day morn.

Give me the lad ſo blithe and gay,
Give me the Tartan plaiddie;
For ſpight of all the world can ſay,
I'll wed my Highland Laddie.

II.

His ſkin is white as ſnow,
His een are boony blue;
Like roſebud ſweet his mow
When wet with morning dew.
Young Will is rich and great,
And fain wou'd ca' me his;
But what is pride or ſtate
Without love's ſmiling bliſs.
Give me the lad, &c.

III.

When firſt he talk'd of love,
He look'd ſo blithe and gay,
His flame I did approve,
And could nae ſay him nay.
Then to the kirk I'll haſte,
There prove my love and truth;
Reward a love ſo chaſte,
And wed the conſtant youth.
Give me the lad, &c.

---

## SONG. *Two Parts.*

### GENTLE SHEPHERD.

*Peggy.*

WHEN firſt my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ewe milking firſt try'd my young ſkill;
To bear the milk bowie nae pain 'twas to me,
When I to the fold, the herd gather'd wi' thee.

*Patie.*

When corn-rigs wav'd yellow and blue hither bells,
Bloom'd bonny on moorlands and ſweet riſing fells
Nae birns, briers, or breckens gave trouble to me,
If I found that the berries were ripen'd for thee.

*Duett.*

How fondly can lovers truſt a' they deſire;
The praiſe that's ſo gentle increaſes love's fire:
Give me ſtill this pleaſure, my ſtudy ſhall be,
To make myſelf better and worthy of thee.

# PRIOR's GARLAND.

*Each Stanza beautifully ſet to a different Air,*

WITH AN OVERTURE,

BY MR. BILLINGTON.

THE pride of ev'ry grove I choſe,
The violet ſweet, and lilly fair;
The dappl'd pink, and bluſhing roſe,
To deck my charming CLOE's hair.

II.

At morn the nymph vouchſaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath:
The flow'rs leſs blooming than her face,
The ſcent leſs fragrant than her breath.

III.

The flow'rs ſhe wore along the day,——
And ev'ry nymph and ſhepherd ſaid,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

IV.

Undreſt at evening, when ſhe found
Their odours loſt, their colours paſt,
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her Garland and her eye ſhe caſt.

V.

That eye dropt ſenſe diſtinct and clear,
As any Muſe's tongue could ſpeak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

VI.

Diſſembling what I knew too well;
My love, my life, ſaid I, explain
This change of humour; prithee tell:
That falling tear——what does it mean?

VII.

She ſigh'd, ſhe ſmil'd, and to the flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely moraliſt ſaid,
See, friend, in ſome few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made.

VIII.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May
And that of beauty are but one;
At morn both flouriſh bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

IX.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and ſung,
The am'rous youth around her bow'd;
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I ſaw, and kiſs'd her in her Shrowd.

X.

Such as ſhe is, who dy'd to day,
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow;
Go, Damon, bid thy muſe diſplay
The juſtice of thy Cloe's ſorrow.

XI.

" My love, (I ſaid) ſuppreſs the ſigh,
" The tender, ſympathetic tear;
" Thy virtues make thee fit to die;
" O let me diſſipate thy care.

XII.

" Thy Damon will the hours employ
" To make his love with thine accord;
" Thy tender heart ſhall reap freſh joy,
" For virtue is its own reward."

## *Bacchanalian, Convivial Songs, &c.*

# INVOCATION
## TO
# *BACCHUS.*

ASSIST, O thou God of the Vine,
To friendſhip libations we pour;
Let mirth, wit, and jollity join,
To cheriſh the feſtival hour.

II.

'Tis wine makes us happy and gay,
The Lethe and balm of all woe;
Lets crown the full glaſs while me may,
A bumper to bleſſings below.

III.

Let monarchs for kingdoms contend,
A ſceptre's no more than a toy;
Our empire's a bottle and friend,
Wit and wine are the fountains of joy.

IV.

What's wealth or the gold of Peru,
Poſſeſt they but add to our care;
The wretch may take gold as his due,
But ſouls will have wine and the fair.

V.

All wiſdom, ſays Solomon's vain,
And reaſon brings doubt and deſpair;
How books do but puzzle the brain,
And teach us what idiots we are.

VI.

Let wretches ſeek grandeur and gold
And learning, all troubleſome things;
Give us wine, O thou God of the Bowl,
We're greater than ſages or kings.

---

## BACCHANALIAN SONG.

WITH my friend and my glaſs let my time paſs away;
Since it anſwers no end to be dull, I'll be gay;
I care not how others their life-time may ſpend,
So I have my Chloe, my bottle, and friend.

Let the miſer with rapture his guineas behold,
He may value, yet ne'er know the virtue of gold;
With me its but droſs, which with pleaſure I ſpend,
To ſerve but my neighbour, my miſtreſs, or friend.

Let the pedantic preacher adviſe what he will,
Of wrong or of right,—or of good and of ill;——
I never can think that my time ill I ſpend,
If I ſtrive to relieve either neighbour or friend.

Then come, my companions, lets puſh round the glaſs,
'Tis " to Friendſhip and Love," ſo briſk let it paſs,
And care not how others their life-time may ſpend,
So we can enjoy our bottle and friend.

---

## S O N G.

MUSIC BY DR. ARNOLD.

FLOW thou regal, purple ſtream, tinctèd by the ſolar beam,
In my goblet ſparkling riſe, chear my heart and glad my eyes;
My brain aſcend on fancy's wing,
'Noint me wine a jovial king.
While I live I'll lave my clay, when I'm dead and gone away,
Let my thirſty ſubjects ſay, a Month he reign'd, but that was MAY.

## SONG.

THE wealthy fool with gold in ſtore
Will ſtill deſire to grow richer;
Give me but theſe, I aſk no more,
My charming girl, my friend, and pitcher.

CHORUS.

My friend ſo rare, my girl ſo fair,
With theſe what mortal can be richer;
Give me but theſe, a fig for care,
With my ſweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

II.

From morning ſun I'd never grieve
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
If that when I come home at eve
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
My friend ſo rare, &c. &c.

III.

Tho' Fortune ever ſhuns my door,
I know not what 'tis can bewitch her;
With all my heart can I be poor——
With my ſweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.
My friend ſo rare, &c. &c.

## SONG.

### THE BROWN JUG.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug, which now foams with mild ale,
Out of which I now drink to ſweet Kate of the Vale,
'Twas once TOBY FILPOT, a thirſty old ſoul
As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl:
In boozing about 'twas his pride to excel,
And amongſt jolly topers he bore off the bell.

II.

It chanc'd as in dog-days he ſat at his eaſe
In his flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you pleaſe,
With a friend and a pipe, quaffing ſorrow away,
And with honeſt old ſtingo was ſoaking his clay;
His breath-doors of life on a ſudden were ſhut,
And he died full as big as a Dorcheſter Butt.

III.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had reſolv'd it again,
A potter found out in its covert ſo ſnug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug,
Now ſacred to friendſhip, to mirth, and mild ale;
So here's to my lovely ſweet Kate of the Vale.

# SONG

## IN PRAISE OF ALE.

WHILST ſome in epic ſtrains delight,
Whilſt others paſtorals invite
As taſte or whim prevail;
Aſſiſt me all ye tuneful Nine!
Support me in the great deſign,
To ſing of nappy ale.

II.

Some folks of cyder make a rout,
And cyder's well enough, no doubt,
When better liquors fail;
But wine, that's richer, better ſtill——
E'en wine itſelf (deny't who will)
Muſt yield to nappy ale.

III.

Rum, brandy, gin with choiceſt ſmack
From Holland brought, Batavia 'rack,—
All theſe will nought avail;
To chear a truly Britiſh heart,
And lively ſpirits to impart,
Like humming, nappy ale.

IV.

Oh! whether thee I cloſely hug
In honeſt can, or nut-brown jug,
Or in the tankard—hail!
In barrel or in bottle pent
I give the gen'rous ſpirit vent,——
Still may I feaſt on ale.

V.

But chief when to the chearful glaſs,
From veſſel pure thy ſtreamlets paſs,
Then moſt thy charms prevail;
Then, then I'll bet, and take the odds
That nectar, drink of Heathen Gods,
Was poor, compar'd to ale.

VI.

Give me a bumper——fill it up,
See how it ſparkles in the cup,—
Oh! how ſhall I regale:
Can any taſte this drink divine
And then compare rum, brandy, wine,
Or aught, to nappy ale.

VII.

Inſpir'd by thee the warrior fights,
The lover woos, the poet writes,
And pens the pleaſing tale;
And ſtill in Britain's Iſle confeſt,
Nought animates the patriot's breaſt
Like gen'rous, nappy ale.

VIII.

Inſpir'd by thee ſhall criſpin ſing,
Or talk of freedom, church, and king,
And balance Europe's ſcale;
While his rich landlord lays out ſchemes
Of wealth in golden South-ſea dreams,
Th' effects of nappy ale.

IX.

O bleſt potation! ſtill by thee,
And thy companion, Liberty,
Do health and mirth prevail;
Then let us crown the can, the glaſs,
And ſportive bid the minutes paſs——
In quaffing nappy ale.

## SONG.

### O GOOD ALE! THOU ART MY DARLING.

THE Landlord he looks very big,
With his high-cock'd hat and his powder'd wig;
Methinks he looks both fair and fat,
But he may thank *You and I* for that.

For O good ale! thou art my darling,
Thou art my comfort night and morning.

II.

The brewer brew'd thee in his pan,
And the tapſter draws thee in his can;
So I with them will play my part,
And lodge thee next unto my heart.

For O good ale! &c.

III.

And if my wife ſhould thee deſpiſe,
By Jove I'll beat out both her eyes;
But if ſhe loves ME as I love THEE,
A happy couple we ſhall be.

For O good ale! &c.

IV.

Thou oft hath made my friends my foes,
And often made me pawn my cloaths;
But ſince thou art ſo near my noſe,
Come up my friend——and down it goes.

For O good ale! &c.

## THE ANACREONTIC SONG.

TO ANACREON in heaven, where he ſat in full glee,
A few ſons of harmony ſent a petition,
That he their inſpirer and patron would be,
When this anſwer arriv'd from the Jolly Old Grecian,
"Voice, fiddle, and flute,
No longer be mute,
I'll lend you my name, and inſpire you to boot;
And beſides I'll inſtruct you like me to entwine
The MYRTLE of VENUS with BACCHUS's VINE."

II.

The news through OLYMPUS immediately flew,
When Old Thunder pretended to give himſelf airs;
"If theſe mortals are ſuffer'd their ſcheme to purſue,
The devil a Goddeſs will ſtay above ſtairs:
Hark! already they cry,
In tranſports of joy,
Away to the Sons of ANACREON we'll fly,
And there with good fellows we'll learn to entwine
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine."

III.

"The yellow-hair'd God, and his Nine fuſty maids,
From HELICON's banks will incontinent flee;
IDALIA will boaſt but of tenantleſs ſhades,——
And the bi-forked hill a mere deſart will be:
My Thunder, no fear on't,
Shall ſoon do its errand,
And, d—mn me, I'll ſwinge the ringleaders, I warrant;
I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine."

IV.

Apollo roſe up, and ſaid " prithee ne'er quarrel,
Good King of the Gods, with thy Vot'ries below;
Your Thunder is uſeleſs,"—then, ſhewing his Laurel,
Cry'd " *Sic evitabile Fulmen*, you know;
Then over each head
My laurels I'll ſpread,
So my ſons from your crackers no miſchief ſhall dread,
Whilſt ſnug in their Club-Room they jovially twine
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine."

V.

Next Momus got up with his riſible phiz,
And ſwore with Apollo he'd chearfully join;
" The full tide of harmony ſtill ſhall be his,
But the ſong, & the catch, & the laugh ſhall be mine;
Then Jove be not jealous
Of theſe honeſt fellows,"——
Cry'd Jove, " we relent, ſince the truth you now tell us,
And ſwear, by Old Styx, that they long ſhall entwine
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine."

VI.

Ye ſons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand,
Preſerve Unanimity, Friendſhip, and Love;
'Tis yours to ſupport what's ſo happily plann'd,
You've the ſanction of Gods, and the fiat of Jove:
Whilſt thus we agree,
Our toaſt let it be,
May our club flouriſh happy, united, and free;
And long may the Sons of ANACREON entwine
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine.

# SONG.

## ARISTIPPUS.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. HOOK.

LET care be a ſtranger to each jovial ſoul
Who, ARISTIPPUS like, can his paſſions controul;
Of wiſeſt philoſophers wiſeſt was he,
Who, attentive to eaſe, let his mind ſtill be free:
The Prince, Peer, or Peaſant to him were the ſame,
For pleas'd, he was pleaſing to all where he came,
But ſtill turn'd his back on contention and ſtrife,
Reſolving to live all the days of his life.

II.

A friend to mankind, all mankind was his friend,—
And the peace of his mind was his ultimate end;
He found fault with none if none found fault with him,
If his friend had a humour, he humour'd his whim;
If wine was the word, why he bumper'd his glaſs,——
If love was the topic, he toaſted his laſs;
But ſtill turn'd his back on contention and ſtrife,
Reſolving to live all the days of his life.

III.

If councils diſputed, if councils agreed,
He found fault with neither; for this was his creed,
That let them be guided by folly or ſenſe,
'Twould be SEMPER EADEM an hundred years hence.

He thought 'twas unſocial to be mal-content,
If the tide went with him, with the tide too he went;
But ſtill turn'd his back on contention and ſtrife,
Reſolving to live all the days of his life.

IV.

Was the nation at war, he wiſh'd well to the ſword;
If a peace was concluded, a peace was his word,
Diſquiet to him, of body or mind,
Was the longitude only he never could find.
The philoſopher's ſtone was but gravel and pain,
And all who had ſought it, had ſought it in vain;
He ſtill turn'd his back on contention and ſtrife,
Reſolving to live all the days of his life.

V.

Then let us all follow ARISTIPPUS's rules,
And deem his opponents both aſſes and mules;
Let thoſe not contented to lead or to drive,
By the bees of their ſects be drove out of the hive;
Expell'd from the manſions of quiet and eaſe,
May they never find out the bleſt art how to pleaſe;
While our friends and ourſelves, not forgetting our wives,
By thoſe maxims may live all the days of our lives.

# SONG.

WORDS BY GEO. ALEX. STEVENS.

*This Song was lately ſet to Muſic by Mr. George Surr of Manchester.*

GAY Bacchus one ev'ning inviting his friends
To partake of a generous flaſk,
To each ſocial being a meſſage he ſends
To meet at the head of his caſk.
The gueſts all appear'd at the place of addreſs,——
The witty, the grave, and the bold;
Our circle ſurpaſs'd all that fancy can gueſs
Of Arthurs round table of old.

II.

In the midſt of our merriment, who do you think
Unſuſpected had ſeated him there?
But one Care in diſguiſe, who tipp'd us the wink,
And warn'd us of Time to beware,
Who, in ſpite of his age, or the weight of his years,
We ſhould find but a ſlippery blade:
He's known by the lock on his forehead he wears,
And carries the ſigns of his trade.

III.

We gratefully ply'd him with bottle and pot,
Which fill'd up his wrinkles apace;
The Cynic grew blithe, and his precepts forgot,
And ſoon fell aſleep in his place.

Regardleſs of TIME, then we threw off reſtraint,
Nor fear'd we to wake the old ſpark;
Our ſongs were ſelect, and our ſtories were quaint,
And each was as gay as a lark.

IV.

When all of a ſudden, ſo aweful and tall,
One appear'd, who ſpoil'd a good ſong;
FATHER TIME, moving round by the ſide of the wall
Behind us, ſlow ſtealing along;
We roſe to his rev'rence, and offer'd a chair,
He ſaid for no man he would ſtay,——
Then BACCHUS up ſtarted, and catch'd at his hair,
And ſwore all the ſhot he ſhould pay.

V.

But TIME, well aware of the God of the Grape,
Evaded his efforts, and flew;
We ſeiz'd on his glaſs, ere he made his eſcape,
And inſtantly broke it in two;
Then we fill'd each with wine inſtead of the ſand,
And drank double toaſts to the fair,——
Each member in turn, with a glaſs in each hand,
Then parted, and went home with CARE.

## SONG.

### THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.

SEE the courſe throng'd with gazers, the ſports are begun,——
The confuſion but hear, "I bet you, Sir—done, done!"
Ten thouſand ſtrange murmurs reſound far and near,—
Lords, hawkers, and jockies aſſail the tir'd ear:
Whilſt, with neck like a rainbow, erecting his creſt,—
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his breaſt;
Scarcely ſnuffing the air; he's ſo proud and elate,
The HIGH-METTLED RACER firſt ſtarts for the plate.

II.

Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch ruſh
Dogs, horſes, and huntſmen, all hard at his bruſh;
Thro' marſh, fen, and briar, led by their ſly prey,
They by ſcent and by view cheat a long tedious way;
While alike born for ſports of the field and the courſe,
Always ſure to come thro'—a ſtaunch and fleet horſe:
When fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,—
The HIGH-METTLED RACER is in at the death.

III.

Grown aged, us'd up,——and turn'd out of the ſtud;
Lame, ſpavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with ſome blood;
While knowing poſtillions the pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won *this ſweepſtakes*, his ſire gain'd *that race;*
And what *matches* he won too, the hoſtlers count o'er
As they loiter their time at ſome hedge-alehouſe door.
While the harneſs ſore galls, and the ſpurs his ſides goad,
The HIGH-METTLED RACER's a hack on the road.

IV.

Till at laſt, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate;
Blind, old, lame, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws ſand till the ſand of his hour glaſs ſtands ſtill;
And now, cold and lifeleſs, expos'd to the view
In the very ſame cart which he yeſterday drew,
While a pitying crowd his ſad relicks ſurrounds—
The HIGH-METTLED RACER——is ſold for the hounds.

# SONG.

WORDS BY G. A. STEVENS.

ONCE the Gods of the Greeks, at ambroſial feaſt,
Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing;
Merry MOMUS amongſt them was ſat as a gueſt:
(Homer ſays the celeſtials love laughing.)———
On each in the Synod the humouriſt droll'd,
So none could his jokes diſapprove;
He ſung, reparteed, and ſome ſmart ſtories told,
And at length he began upon Jove.

II.

" Sire ATLAS, who long has the univerſe bore,
" Grows grievouſly tir'd of late;
" He ſays that mankind are much worſe than before,
" So he begs to be eas'd of his weight."
Jove knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
From his ſhoulders commanded the ball;
Gave his daughter *Attraction* the charge of the world,
And ſhe hung it up high in his hall.

III.

Miſs, pleas'd with the preſent, review'd the globe round
To ſee what each climate was worth;
Like a diamond the whole with an atmoſphere bound,
And ſhe variouſly planted the earth:
With ſilver, gold, jewels, ſhe India endow'd,——
France and Spain ſhe taught vineyards to rear;
What ſuited each clime, on each clime ſhe beſtow'd,
And FREEDOM ſhe found flouriſh'd here.

IV.

Four Cardinal Virtues ſhe left in this Iſle,
As guardians to cheriſh the root;
The bloſſoms of LIBERTY then 'gan to ſmile,
And Engliſhmen fed on the fruit.
Thus fed and thus bred, from a bounty ſo rare,
O preſerve it as free as 'twas given!
We will whilſt we've breath; nay, we'll graſp it in death,
Then return it untainted to heav'n.

---

## SONG.

ONE evening GOOD HUMOUR took WIT as his gueſt,
Reſolv'd to indulge in a ſenſible feaſt;
Their liquor was claret, and FRIENDSHIP their hoſt,
And mirth, ſong, and ſentiment, garniſh'd each toaſt.
Derry down, &c.

But while, like true bucks, they enjoy'd their deſign,
For the joy of a Buck lies in love, wit, and wine;
Alarm'd, they all heard at the door a loud knock,
And the watchman, hoarſe, bellow'd, "'twas paſt twelve o'clock."
Derry down, &c.

They nimbly ran down, the diſturbing dog found,
And up ſtairs they dragg'd the impertinent hound;
When brought to the light, how much they were pleas
To ſee 'twas the grey glutton, TIME, they had ſeiz'd.
Derry down, &c.

His glaſs as his lanthorn, his ſcythe as his pole,
And his ſingle lock dangl'd a down his ſmooth ſkull;
My friends, quoth he, coughing, I thought fit to knock,
And bid ye begone, for 'tis paſt 12 o'clock.
Derry down, &c.

Say'd the venom-tooth'd ſage, on this advice fix,
Tho' nature ſtrikes twelve, folly ſtill points to fix;
He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd bear it,
So hid him at once in a hogſhead of claret.
Derry down, &c.

This is right, call'd out *Wit*; while you're yet in your prime,
There's nothing like claret for killing of Time:
Huzza! reply'd *Love*, now no more can he knock,
Or, impertinent, tell us 'tis paſt 12 o'clock.
Derry down, &c.

Since TIME is confin'd to our wine, let us think
By this maxim were ſure of our Time when we drink;
With bumpers, my lads, let our glaſſes be prim'd,—
Now we're certain our drinking is always well-tim'd.
Derry down, &c.

# CANTATA

## FROM THE ODE OF ANACREON.

AIR.

IF gold could lengthen life, I ſwear,
It then ſhould be my chiefeſt care
To get a heap, that I might ſay,
When Death came to demand his pay,
Thou ſlave take this, and go thy way.

But ſince life is not to be bought,
Why ſhould I plague myſelf for nought;
Or fooliſhly diſturb the ſkies
With vain complaints and fruitleſs cries.

RECITATIVE.

For ſince the fates will have it ſo,
What good will gold, or whining, do?

AIR.

Give me, to eaſe my thirſty ſoul,
The joys and comforts of the bowl;
Freedom and health, and while I live,
Let me not want what love can give;
Then ſhall I die in peace, and have
This conſolation in my grave,
That once I had the WORLD my ſlave.

## SONG.

WHEN ORPHEUS went down to the regions below,
Which men are forbidden to ſee,
He tun'd up his lyre, as old hiſtories ſhew,
To ſet his EURYDICE free.
All Hell ſtood amaz'd——that a perſon ſo wiſe
Should raſhly endanger his life,
And venture ſo far; but how vaſt their ſurpriſe
When they found that he came for his wife!!

II.

To find out a puniſhment due to the fault,
OLD PLUTO long puzzled his brain,——
But Hell had not torments ſufficient, he thought,
So he gave him his wife back again.
But pity, ſucceeding, ſoon vanquiſh'd his heart,
And, pleas'd with his playing ſo well,
He took her again in reward for his art,
Such power had muſic in Hell!

---

## SONG.

COMPANION TO THE LAST.

WHEN ORPHEUS went down to the regions below
To bring back the wife that he lov'd,
Old Pluto confounded, as hiſtories ſhew,
To find that his muſic ſo mov'd,

That a woman ſo good, ſo virtuous, and fair,
Should be by a man thus trepann'd;
To give up her freedom for ſorrow and care,——
He ſwore ſhe deſerv'd to be d——n'd.

II.

For puniſhment he never ſtudied a whit;
The torments of Hell had not pain
Sufficient to curſe her,——ſo Pluto thought fit
Her huſband ſhould have her again.
But ſoon he compaſſion'd the woman's hard fate,
And, knowing of mankind ſo well,
He recall'd her again, before 'twas too late,
And ſaid——ſhe'd be happier in H—ll.

---

## SONG.

FROM THE MASQUE OF COMUS.

THE MUSIC BY DR. ARNE.

BY dimpled brook and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daiſies trim,
Their merry wakes and paſtimes keep:
What has night to do with ſleep.
Night has better ſweets to prove,——
Venus now wakes, and wakens love;
Come, let us our rights begin,
'Tis only daylight that makes ſin.

## SONG.

FROM THE MASQUE OF COMUS.

MUSIC BY DR. ARNE.

NOW Phœbus ſinketh in the Weſt,—
Welcome ſong and welcome jeſt——
Midnight ſhout and revelry——
Tipſey, dance, and jollity.
Braid your locks with roſy twine,
Dropping odours dropping wine.

*Andante.*

Rigour now is gone to bed,——
And advice, with ſcrup'lous head,
Strickt age, and ſour ſeverity,
With their grave ſaws, in ſlumber lie.

*Da Capo.*

---

## SONG.

FROM THE MASQUE OF COMUS.

MUSIC BY DR. ARNE.

BY the gaily circling glaſs
We can ſee how minutes paſs,——
By the hollow flaſk are told
How the waining night grows old.
Soon, too ſoon, the buſy day
Drives us from our ſports away:
What have we with day to do?
SONS OF CARE——'twas made for you.

## SONG.

FROM THE MASQUE OF COMUS.

MUSIC BY DR. ARNE.

COME, come, bid adieu to fear,
Love and harmony live here;
No domeſtic, jealous jars,
Buzzing ſlanders, wordy wars,
In my preſence will appear;
Love and harmony reign here.

Sighs to am'rous ſighs returning,
Pulſes beating, boſoms burning;
Boſoms with warm wiſhes panting,
Words to ſpeak of wiſhes wanting,
Are the only tumults here,
All the woes you need to fear;
Love and harmony reign here.

---

## SONG.

FROM THE MASQUE OF COMUS.

MUSIC BY DR. ARNE.

THE wanton God, who pierces hearts,
Dips in gall his pointed darts;
But the nymph diſdains to pine,
Who bathes the wound with roſy wine.

Farewell lovers, when they're cloy'd;
If I'm ſcorn'd, becauſe enjoy'd,
Sure the ſqueamiſh fops are free
To rid me of dull company.

II.

They have their charms, while mine can pleaſe,
I love them much, but more my eaſe;
Jealous fears me ne'er moleſt,
Nor faithleſs vows ſhall break my reſt.
Why ſhould they e'er give me pain,
Who to give me joy diſdain?
All I aſk of mortal man,
Is to love me while he can.

---

## SONG.

WORDS BY DR. DALTON.

MUSIC BY DR. ARNE.

PREACH not to me your muſty rules,
Ye drones, that mould in idle cell;
The heart is wiſer than the ſchools,
The ſenſes always reaſon well.

If ſhort my ſpan, I leſs can ſpare
To paſs one ſingle pleaſure by;
An hour is long, if loſt in care,——
They only live who life enjoy.

## SONG.

HAIL Burgundy! thou juice divine!
Inſpirer of my ſong;
The praiſes given to other wine,
To thee alone belong.
Of poignant wit and roſy charms,
Thou canſt the pow'r improve;
Care of its ſting thy balm diſarms,
Thou nobleſt gift of Jove.

II.

Bright Phœbus, on the parent vines
From whence thy current ſtreams,
Sweet-ſmiling thro' the tendril ſhines,
And laviſh darts his beams.
The pregnant grape receives his fires,
And all his force retains;
With that ſame warmth our brain inſpires,
And animates our ſtrains.

III.

From thee my Chloe's radiant eye
New ſparkling beams receives,
Her cheeks imbide a roſier die,
Her beauteous boſom heaves.

Summon'd to love by thy alarms,
Oh! with what nervous heat!
Worthy the fair, we fill their arms,
And oft our bliſs repeat.

IV.

The ſtoic, prone to thought intenſe,
Thy ſoftneſs can unbend;
A chearful gaiety diſpenſe,
And make him taſte a friend.
His brow grows clear, he feels content,
Forgets his penſive ſtrife;
And then concludes his time well ſpent
In honeſt, ſocial life.

V.

E'en Beaux, thoſe ſoft amphibious things,
Wrapt up in ſelf and dreſs,
Quite loſt to the delight that ſprings
From ſenſe,——thy pow'r confeſs.
The Fop, with chitty, maudlin face,
That dares but deeply drink,
Forgets his cue and ſtiff grimace,——
Grows free, and ſeems to think.

## GLEE.*

BY F. A.

TO this happy meeting long life and proſperity,
Friendſhip and harmony ever reign here;
Let the glaſs go about with joy and celerity,
So ſhall we baniſh all ſorrow and fear.

*Adagio.*

Should RIGOUR and CARE preſume to intrude,
And with their grave faces our bliſſes delude,
Thus we'll engage them, and teach them to know,
What power our nectar inſpires here below.

*Vivace.*

Then charge, charge again, and teach them to prove
The mighty, mighty pow'rs of WINE and LOVE.

* *This Glee, for three voices, was lately publiſhed by J. Preſton, London.*

---

## SONG.

RAIL no more, ye learned aſſes!
'Gainſt the joys the bowl ſupplies;
Sound its depth, and fill your glaſſes——
Wiſdom at the bottom lies.

Fill them higher ſtill, and higher,
Shallow draughts perplex the brain;
Sipping quenches all our fire,
Bumpers light it up again.

II.

Draw the ſcene for wit and pleaſure,
Enter jollity and joy;
We for thinking have no leiſure,
Manly mirth is our employ.
Since in life there's nothing certain,
We'll the preſent hour engage,
And, when death ſhall draw the curtain,
With applauſe we'll quit the ſtage.

---

## GENERAL WOLFE's SONG.

HOW ſtands the glaſs around?
For ſhame, you take no care, my boys;
How ſtands the glaſs around?
Let mirth and wine abound.——
The trumpets ſound, the colours they are flying, boys,
To fight, kill, or wound:——
May we ſtill be found
Content with our hard fate, my boys, on the cold ground.

II.

Why, ſoldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys;
Why, ſoldiers, why?
Whoſe buſineſs 'tis to die.
What, ſighing, fie!
D—mn fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!
'Tis he, you, or I.——
Cold, hot, wet, or dry;
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And ſcorn to fly!

III.

'Tis but in vain,——
I mean not to upbraid ye, boys;
'Tis but in vain
For ſoldiers to complain.
Should next campaign
Send us to him that made us, boys,
We're free from pain!
But if we remain,
A bottle and good company
Cure all again.

## SONG.

WHEN HAROLD was invaded,
And, falling, loſt his crown,——
And Norman WILLIAM waded
Through gore to pull him down.
When counties round, with fear profound,
To mend their ſad condition,
And lands to ſave, baſe homage gave,
Bold KENT made no ſubmiſſion.

CHORUS.

Then ſing in praiſe of men of Kent,
So loyal, brave, and free:
'Mongſt Britain's race if one ſurpaſs,
A man of Kent was he.

II.

The hardy, ſtout freeholders,
That knew the tyrant near,
In girdles and on ſhoulders
A grove of oaks did bear:
Whom when he ſaw in battle draw,
And thought how he might need 'em,
He turn'd his arms, allow'd them terms
Replete with noble freedom.

CHO. Then ſing, &c.

III.

And when, by Barons wrangling,
Hot faction did increaſe;
And vile inteſtine jangling
Had baniſh'd England's peace;
The men of Kent to battle went,
They fear'd no wild confuſion,
But join'd with YORK——they did the work,
And made a bleſt concluſion.

CHO. Then ſing, &c.

IV.

At hunting, and the race too,
They ſprightly vigour ſhew;
And, at a female chace too,
None like a Kentiſh beau.
All bleſt with health,—and as for wealth,
By fortune's kind embraces,
A yeoman grey ſhall oft out-weigh
A knight in other places.

CHO. Then ſing, &c.

V.

The gen'rous, brave, and hearty,
All o'er the ſhire we find;
And for the low church party,
They're of the brighteſt kind.

For King and Laws they prop the cauſe,
Which high church has confounded;
They love with height the moderate right,
But hate the crop-ear'd roundhead.
CHO. Then ſing, &c.

VI.

The promiſs'd land of bleſſing,
For our forefathers meant,
Is now in right poſſeſſing,
For Canaan ſure was Kent.
The dome at Knoll, by fame enroll'd,
The church at Canterbury;
The hops, the beer, the cherries, here,
May fill a famous ſtory.

CHORUS.

Then ſing in praiſe of men of Kent,
So loyal, brave, and free;
'Mongſt Britain's race if one ſurpaſs,
A GENERAL WOLFE WAS HE!

---

## SONG

WITH a chearful old friend and a merry old ſong,
And a tankard of porter, I'd ſit the night long,
And laugh at the follies of thoſe that repine,——
Tho' I muſt drink porter while they can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, be he ever ſo great,——
Nor ſcorn I the wretch for his lowly eſtate;
But what I abhor, and deem as a curſe,
Is meanneſs of ſpirit,——not poorneſs of purſe.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
And chearfully ſpend life's remainder away;
Upheld by a friend, our foes we'll deſpiſe,——
For, the more we are envy'd, the higher we riſe.

---

## SONG.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. SHIELDS.

AS burns the charger, when he hears
The trumpet's martial ſound;
Eager to ſcour the field, he rears,
And ſpurns th' indented ground.

He ſnuffs the air, erects his flowing main,
Scents the big war, and ſweeps along the plain.

Impatient then my ardent ſoul
Bounds forth on wings of wind,
And ſpurns the moments as they roll
With lagging pace behind.

## SONG.

MUSIC BY MR. SHIELDS.

WHEN the chill Sirocco blows,
And winter tells a heavy tale;
When 'pyes and daws, and rooks and crows,
Do ſit and curſe the froſt and ſnows.
Then give me ale!
Stout brown ale, nut-brown ale,——
O give me nut-brown ale.

II.

Ale in a Saxon rumkin then,
Such as will make Grimalkin prate,
Bids valour bourgeon in tall men;
Quickens the poet's wit and pen;
Deſpiſes fate ———
Old brown ale, nut-brown ale,
O give me ſtout brown ale.

III.

Ale that the plowman's heart up keeps,
And equals it to tyrant's thrones,
That wipes the eye which over weeps,
And lulls in ſweet and dainty ſleeps
The wearied bones.
Old brown ale, nut-brown ale——
O give me ſtout brown ale.

## SONG.

### THE VICAR OF BRAY.

IN good King CHARLES's golden days,
When loyalty had no harm in't,
A zealous high-church man I was,
And ſo I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never miſs'd——
Kings are by Heav'n appointed,
And thoſe are d—mn'd that do reſiſt,
And touch the Lord's anointed.

CHORUS.

And this is law, I will maintain
Until my dying day, Sir;
Whatever Miniſter ſhall reign,
I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.

II.

When Royal JAMES obtain'd the Throne,
And Pop'ry came in faſhion,
The penal laws I hunted down,
And read the declaration.
The church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my conſtitution,
And had become a Jeſuit
But for the Revolution.

CHO. And this is law, &c.

III.

When WILLIAM was our King declar'd,
To eaſe the nation's grievance;
With this new wind about I ſteer'd,
And ſwore to him allegiance.
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conſcience at a diſtance;
Paſſive obedience was a joke,
And, piſh for non-reſiſtance.
CHO. And this is law, &c.

IV.

When gracious ANNE aſcends the throne,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was ſeen,
And I became a Tory:
Occaſional conformiſts baſe,
I d—mn'd their moderation,
And thought the church in danger was
By ſuch prevarication.
CHO. And this is law, &c.

V.

When GEORGE, in pudding time, came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, Sir,
I turn'd a Cat-in-pan once more,
And then became a Whig, Sir;

And ſo preferment I procur'd
By our new faith's defender,
And always ev'ry day abjur'd
The Pope and the Pretender.
CHO. And this is law, &c.

VI.

Th' illuſtrious houſe of HANOVER,
And Proteſtant ſucceſſion,
To theſe I do allegiance ſwear,
While they can keep poſſeſſion;
For by my faith and loyalty,
I never more will faulter,——
And GEORGE my gracious King ſhall be,
Until the times ſhall alter.

CHORUS.

And this is law I will maintain,
Until my dying day, Sir;
Whatever Miniſter ſhall reign,
I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.

## PARODY ON THE VICAR OF BRAY.

IN CHARLES the SECOND's merry days,
For wanton frolics noted,
A lover of cabals I was,———
With wine, like Bacchus, bloated.
I preach'd unto my crowded pews,
Wine was by heav'n's command, Sir,
And d—mn'd was he who did refuſe
To drink whilſt he could ſtand, Sir.

CHORUS.

And this is law I will maintain,
Unto my dying day, Sir;
That whatſoever King ſhall reign,
I'll drink my gallon a day, Sir.

II.

When JAMES the SOT aſſum'd the throne,
He ſtrove to ſtand alone, Sir;
But quickly got ſo drunk, that down
He tumbled from the throne, Sir.
One morning crop-ſick, pale and queer,
By ſitting up with gay-men,
He reel'd to Rome, where prieſts ſevere
Deny the cup to laymen.
CHO. And this is law, &c.

III.

Then WILL, the tipling Dutchman, ſav'd
Our liberties from ſinking,——
We crown'd him *King of Cups*, and crav'd
The privilege of thinking.
He drank your Holland's gin, 'tis ſaid,
And held predeſtination;
Fool! not to know that the tipling trade
Admits no trepidation.
CHO. And this is law, &c.

IV.

When BRANDY NAN became our Queen,
'Twas all a drunken ſtory;
I ſat and drank from morn till e'en,
And ſo was thought a Tory.
Brimful of wine, all ſober folks
We d—mn'd, and moderation,
Till for right Nantz we pawn'd to France
Our deareſt reputation.
CHO. And this is law, &c.

V.

King GEORGE the FIRST then fill'd the throne,
And took the reſolution
To drink all ſorts of liquors known,
To ſave the conſtitution.
He drank ſucceſs, in rare old rum,
Unto the State and Church, Sir,
Till, with a doſe of Brunſwick mum,
He dropt from off the perch, Sir.
CHO. And this is law, &c.

VI.

King GEORGE the SECOND then aroſe,
A wiſe and valiant ſoul, Sir;
He lov'd his people, beat his foes,
And puſh'd about the bowl, Sir.
He drank his fill to CHATHAM WILL,
To heroes, for he choſe 'em;
With us true Whigs he drank until
He ſlept in Abram's boſom.
CHO. And this is law, &c.

VII.

His PRESENT MAJESTY then came,
Whom heaven long preſerve, Sir;
He "gloried in a Briton's name,"
And ſwore he'd never ſwerve, Sir.
Though evil counſellors may think
His love from us to ſever,
Yet let us, loyal Britons, drink
Our gracious King for ever.

CHORUS.

And this is law I will maintain,
Till wine ſhall waſh me away, Sir;
That whatſoever King ſhall reign,
I'll drink my gallon a day, Sir.

## SONG.

YOU know that our ancient philoſophers hold,
There is nothing in beauty, or honor, or gold;
That bliſs in externals no mortal can find,——
And in truth, my good friend, I am quite of their mind.

What makes a man happy I never can doubt,
'Tis ſomething within him, and nothing without;
This ſomething, they ſaid, was the ſource of content,
And, whatever they call'd it, 'twas *Wine* that they meant.

Without us, indeed, it is not worth a pin;
But, ye Gods! how divine if we get it within;
'Tis then, of all bleſſings, the flouriſhing root,
And, in ſpite of the world, we can gather the fruit.

When the bottle is wanting, the ſoul is depreſt,
And beauty can kindle no flame in our breaſt;
But with wine in our heads we are always in love,—
We can ſing like the linnet, and bill like the dove.

The richeſt and greateſt are poor, and repine,
If with gold and with grandeur you give them no wine;
But wine to the peaſant or ſlave if you bring,
He's as rich as a Jew, and as great as a King.

With wine at my heart, I am happy and free,
Externals without it are nothing to me:
Come fill, and the truth from a bumper you'll know,
That Wine is, of bleſſings, the bleſſing below.

## SONG.

WHEN Jove was reſolv'd to create the round earth,
He ſubpœned the Virtues divine,——
Young *Bacchus* he ſat præcedentum of mirth,
And the toaſt was "wit, women, and wine."

The ſentiment tickl'd the ear of each God,——
Apollo, he wink'd at the Nine;
And Venus gave Mars, too, a ſly wanton nod,
When ſhe drank to wit, women, and wine.

Old Jove ſhook his ſides, and the cup put around,
While Juno, for once, look'd divine;
Theſe bleſſings, ſays he, ſhall on earth now abound,
And the toaſt is wit, women, and wine.

Theſe are joys, worthy Gods, which to mortals are given,
Says MOMUS, who will not repine?
For what's worth our notice, pray tell me, in heav'n,
If man have wit, women, and wine.

This joke you'll repent, I'll lay fifty to ſeven,
Such attraction no pow'r can decline;
Old Jove, by yourſelf you will keep houſe in heav'n,
For we'll follow wit, women, and wine.

Thou'rt right, ſays Old Jove, let us hence to the earth,
Men and Gods think variety fine;
Who'd ſtay in the clouds, when GOODNATURE and MIRTH
Are below, with wit, women, and wine.

# SONG.

## THE TOBACCO BOX;

## OR, SOLDIER's PLEDGE OF LOVE.

A TWO PART SONG.

*Thomas.*

THOUGH the fate of battle on to-morrow wait,
Let's not loſe our prattle now, my charming Kate;
Till the hour of glory, love ſhould now take place,
Nor damp the joys before us with a future caſe.

*Kate.*

O! my Thomas, ſtill be conſtant, ſtill be true;
O be to your Kate, as Kate is ſtill to you;
Glory will attend you, ſtill make us bleſt,——
With my firmeſt love, my dear, you're ſtill poſſeſs'd.

*Thomas.*

No new beauties taſted, I'm their arts above,—
Three campaigns are waſted, but not ſo my love;
Anxious ſtill about thee, thou art all I prize,
Never, Kate, without thee will I bung theſe eyes.

*Kate.*

Conſtant to my Thomas I will ſtill remain,
Nor think that I will leave thy ſide the whole campaign;
But I'll cheriſh thee, and ſtrive to make thee bold,
May'ſt thou ſhare the vict'ry,——may'ſt thou ſhare
the gold.

*Thomas.*

If, by ſome bold action, I the halbert bear,
Think what ſatisfaction when my rank you ſhare;
Dreſs'd like any lady fair from top to toe,——
Fine laced caps and ruffles then ſhall be your due.

*Kate.*

If a ſerjeant's lady I ſhould chance to prove,
Linen ſhall be ready always for my love;
Never more will Kate the Captain's laundreſs be,
I'm too pretty, Thomas, love, for all but thee.

*Thomas.*

Here, Kate, take my 'Bacco Box, a ſoldier's all;
If by Frenchman's blows your Tom is doom'd to fall;
When my life is ended, thou may'ſt boaſt and prove,
Thou'dſt my firſt, my laſt, my only pledge of love.

*Kate.*

Here, take back thy 'Bacco Box,—thou'rt all to me,
Nor think but I'll be near thee, love, to ſee;
In the hour of danger let me always ſhare,——
I'll not be kept a ſtranger to my ſoldier's fare.

*Thomas.*

Check that riſing ſigh, Kate, ſtop that falling tear,—
Come, my pretty comrade, entertain no fear;
But may heav'n befriend us! Hark! the drum commands,——
Now I will attend you. Love, I kiſs thy hand.

*Both.*

I cannot ſtop thoſe tears, tho' crying I diſdain,
But muſt own 'tis trying hard the point to gain:
May good heav'n defend thee, conqueſt on thee wait;
One kiſs more—and then I give thee up to fate.

Both repeat the laſt verſe——only Thomas ſays,

{Conqueſt on me wait,
{Yield myſelf to fate.

---

## SONG.

### THE WATRY GOD.

#### IN PRAISE OF ADMIRAL HAWKE.

THE Watry God, GREAT NEPTUNE, lay
In dalliance ſoft, and am'rous play,
On Amphytrite's breaſt;
When Uproar rear'd her horrid head,
The Tritons ſhrunk, the Neriads fled,
And all their fears confeſt.

II.

Loud Thunder ſhook the vaſt domain,
The liquid world was wrapt in flame,
The God amazed ſpoke,
Ye winds! go forth, and make it known,
Who dares to ſhake my coral throne,
And fill my realms with ſmoak.

III.

The winds, obſequious at his nod,
Sprang ſtrongly up t' obey their God,
And ſaw two fleets away:
The one, VICTORIOUS HAWKE, was thine,
The other Conflans' wretched line,
In terror and diſmay.

IV.

Then down deſcend, and tell their chief,
That France was ruin'd paſt relief,
And HAWKE triumphant rode:
Hawke! cries the chief, pray who is he?
That dares uſurp my power at ſea,
And thus inſult a God?

V.

The winds reply,——" In diſtant lands
" There lives a King who Hawke commands,
" Who ſcorns all foreign force.
" And when his floating caſtles roll
" From ſea to ſea, from pole to pole,
" Great Hawke directs their courſe.

VI.

" Or when his winged bullets fly,
" To puniſh fraud or perfidy,
" Or ſcourge a guilty land,——
" Then gallant Hawke, ſerenely great,
" Tho' death and horror round him wait,
" Performs the dread command."

VII.

Neptune with wonder heard the ſtory,
Of George's ſway, and Britain's glory,
Which time ſhall ne'er ſubdue.
Boscawen's deeds, and Saunders' fame,
Join'd with brave Wolfe's immortal name,
Cry'd out, " Can this be true?"

VIII.

" A King! he needs muſt be a God,
" Who has ſuch heroes at his nod,
" To govern earth and ſea.
" I yield my Trident and my Crown,
" As tribute due to ſuch renown,
" Great GEORGE ſhall rule for me."

---

## S O N G.

In Praiſe of his Royal Highneſs PRINCE WILLIAM.

COMPOSED BY MR. ARNE.

THE foes of Old England, (France, Holland, & Spain)
Made bold by indulgence, inſulted the main;
The flag of defiance together unfurl'd,
And at England, Old England, their vengeance they hurl'd,
When Neptune aroſe from his watery throne,
In a coral-clad ſuit he moſt beautiful ſhone,
He called his Tritons, and bid them repair
To the court of Great GEORGE for young WILLIAM was there.
He's royal, he's noble, and choſen by me,
This Iſle to protect, and reign Prince of the Sea.

II.

O'erjoy'd at the meſſage the youth rear'd his head,—
" I'll fight like a Prince," were the words that he ſaid,
The cauſe of my country I'll boldly eſpouſe,
To the ſea I am wedded, and give her my vows;
With RODNEY, with DIGBY, with Ross I will go,
And die, but I'll conquer each inſolent foe.
The Tritons reported the words that he ſaid,
And Spain heard the plaudits, by Neptune then paid.
He's royal, he's noble, and choſen by me,
Britain's Iſle to protect, and reign Prince of the Sea.

III

The Dons they have felt the effects of his rage,
No more with blood royal they'll dare to engage,
For he ſtood on the deck with his naked drawn ſword,
And by the bold DIGBY he paſſed the word;
Humanity touch'd him, tho' not with baſe fear,
When one noble ſhip was blown up in the air.
His courage gives rapture to each jolly tar,
Who look on Prince William their bulwark in war.
He's royal, he's noble, and choſen to be
The guard of this Iſle, and the Prince of the Sea.

## SONG.

### THE ROSY BOWL.

WHEN I drain the roſy bowl,
Joy exhilarates my ſoul;
To the Nine I raiſe my ſong,
Ever fair and ever young.
When full cups my cares expel,
Sober counſel then farewell.
Let the winds that murmur, ſweep
All my ſorrow to the deep.
Let the winds, &c.

II.

When I drink dull time away,
Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
Leads me to delightful bow'rs,
Full of fragrance, full of flow'rs.
When I quaff the ſparkling wine,
And my locks with roſes twine,
Then I praiſe life's rural ſcene,
Sweet, ſequeſter'd, and ſerene.
Then I praiſe, &c.

III.

When I drink the bowl profound,
(Richeſt fragrance flowing round)
And ſome lovely nymph detain,
Venus then inſpires the ſtrain.

When, from goblets deep and wide,
I exhauſt the gen'rous tide,
All my ſoul unbends,——I play
Gameſome with the young and gay.
CHO. All my ſoul, &c.

---

## SONG.

### FOR FREEDOM AND HIS NATIVE LAND.

MUST Peace and Pleaſure's melting ſtrain
For ever in this circle reign:
Awhile the muſe with ardor glows,
To pay the debt that Britain owes.
O wave awhile your ſoft delights,
To praiſe each valiant ſon that fights,
And braves abroad each hoſtile band
For freedom and his native land.

II.

The ſoldier ſeeks a diſtant plain,
The ſailor ploughs the boiſt'rous main,
Their toil domeſtic eaſe ſecures,——
The labour theirs, the pleaſure yours:
Then change a while your ſoft delights,
To praiſe each valiant ſon that fights,
And braves abroad each hoſtile band
For freedom and his native land.

III.

Ye wealthy, who domeſtic ſweets
Enjoy within your gay retreats,
Think, think on thoſe who guard the ſhore,
Whence unmoleſted ſprings your ſtore:
And change a while your ſoft delights,
To praiſe each valiant ſon that fights,
And braves abroad each hoſtile band
For freedom and his native land.

IV.

Ye ſwains, who haunt the ſhady grove,
And tranquil breathe the vows of love,—
Who hear not wars tremendous voice,
But in the arms of peace rejoice,
Change, change awhile your ſoft delights,
To praiſe each valiant ſon that fights,
And braves abroad each hoſtile band
For freedom and his native land.

V.

And ye, who in this frolic train,
Inſpir'd with muſic's ſprightly ſtrain,
And wild with pleaſure's airy round,
Bid flowing bowls with love be crown'd.
Amid your ſocial dear delights,
Remember him who boldly fights,
And braves abroad each hoſtile band
For freedom and his native land.

## SONG.

THOSE mortals ſay right, in their jovial abodes,
That a glaſs of good punch is the drink of the Gods;
Take only a ſmack of
The nectar we crack of,
You'll find it is punch, and no more.
The ingredients they mingle
Are contraries ſingle,
So are ours, they're the elements four.
Then BACCHUS, for thou art the toper's protector,
Iſſue inſtant a fiat,
And let who dare deny it,
That nectar's good punch, and punch is good nectar.

---

## A FAVORITE IRISH SONG.

ALL you that are wiſe, and think life worth enjoying,——
Or ſoldier or ſailor, by land or by ſea,
In loving and laughing your time be employing;
Your glaſs to your lips, and your laſs on your knee.
Come ſing away, honeys, and caſt off all ſorrow,—
Tho' we all die to day, let's be merry to-morrow;
A hundred years hence will be too late to borrow
A moment of time to be joyous and free.
CHO. Come ſing away, &c.

II.

My Lord and the Biſhop, in ſpite of their ſplendour,
When death gives the call, from their glories muſt part:
Your beautiful dame, when the ſummons is ſent her,
Will feel the blood ebb from the cheek to the heart.
Then ſing away, honeys, and caſt off your ſorrow,—
Tho' you all die to day, yet be merry to-morrow;
An hundred years hence will be too late to borrow
A cordial to cheriſh the ſorrowful heart.
Cho. Then ſing away, &c.

III.

For riches, and honor, then, why all this riot,——
Your wrangling and jangling, and all your alarms?
Arrah! burn ye, my honeys, you'd better be quiet,
And take, while you can, your kind girl to your arms.
You'd better be ſinging, and caſting off ſorrow!
Tho' you all die to day, ſure, be merry to-morrow;
An hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow
One moment of joy, and enjoy her ſweet charms.
Cho. You'd better be, &c.

---

## SONG.

WHEN Freedom was baniſh'd from Greece and from Rome,
And wander'd neglected in ſearch of a home,
Jove willing to fix her where long ſhe might ſtand,
Turn'd the globe round about to examine each land.

With nice circumſpection he view'd the whole ball,
And weigh'd in his balance the merits of all,
Then quickly determin'd that England alone,
Was the ſpot well adapted for Liberty's throne.

II.

Gay Momus inſiſted, no place was more fit
Than the Iſland of Freedom for true attic wit;
And Venus confeſs'd, if 'twere pleaſing to Jove,
She ſhould wiſh to make ENGLAND the empire of LOVE:
Then Mars nobly ſtepp'd from his miſtreſs's ſide,
And ſwore that the Britons in arms ſhould preſide,—
While Bacchus declar'd that each heart-chearing juice,
For the uſe of brave Engliſhmen, he would produce.

III.

To render complete all the bleſſings, now paſt,
And provide that they might to eternity laſt,
'Twas reſolv'd that a toaſt ſhould that inſtant be giv'n,
And drank in full bumpers of nectar thro' heav'n;
The toaſt of the Gods was,—and mark it, ye free,—
"May Britons with Britons for ever agree!"
By their enemies then they ſhall always be fear'd,
And with wine, wit, and women, inceſſantly chear'd.

# SONG

## IN THE MASQUE OF ALFRED.

WHEN BRITAIN firſt, at heav'n's command,
Aroſe from out the azure main,
Aroſe, &c.
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels ſung the ſtrain;

CHORUS.

Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never will be ſlaves.

II.

The nations, not ſo bleſt as thee,
Muſt in their turns to tyrants fall,
Muſt, &c.
Whilſt thou ſhalt flouriſh, ſhalt flouriſh great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
CHO. Rule Britannia, &c.

III.

Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe——
More dreadful from each foreign ſtroke,
More dreadful, &c.
As the loud blaſt that tears the ſkies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
CHO. Rule Britannia, &c.

IV.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame;
All their attempts to bend the down,
All their, &c.
Will but arouſe, arouſe thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe, and thy renown.
CHO. Rule Britannia, &c.

V.

To thee belongs the rural reign,——
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine,
Thy cities, &c.
All thine ſhall be, ſhall be the ſubject main,
And ev'ry ſhore it circles thine.
CHO. Rule Britannia, &c.

VI.

The Muſes, ſtill with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſt repair,
Shall, &c.
Bleſs'd iſle! with beauty, with matchleſs beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

CHORUS.

Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never will be ſlaves.

## SONG.

SUNG BY MR. MEREDITH.

LET thoſe who would wiſh to hear reaſon,
Attend to the leſſon I give;
Since to day is for pleaſure the ſeaſon,
O! ſeize the dear moment and live.
'Tis a maxim we all muſt remember,
While the ſun ſhines be ſure to make hay;
Which reminds us, from June to December,
That we ought to make much of to-day.

II.

Away then with care and with ſorrow,
And with all that may burthen the mind;
He who pleaſure puts off till to-morrow,
Loſes that which he wiſhes to find.
The preſent for mirth is the hour,——
The preſent the time to be gay;
With haſte let us take then the flow'r,
Which can only be gather'd to-day.

III.

Our condition as quickly may vary,
As the wind, or the tide, or the moon;
Our ſchemes and our projects miſcarry,——
Nay e'en death may o'ertake us as ſoon.

Then ſince life is no more than a bubble,
Enjoy all its gifts whilſt ye may;
To-morrow may enter with trouble,
Then at leaſt be ſecure of to-day.

---

## SONG.

WHAT Cato adviſes, moſt certainly wiſe is;
Not always to labour, but ſometimes to play;
To mingle ſweet pleaſure with ſearch after treaſure,
Indulging at night for the toils of the day.
And while the dull miſer eſteems himſelf wiſer,
His bags will decreaſe—while his health does decay;
Our ſouls we enlighten, our fancies we brighten,
And paſs the long ev'ning in pleaſures away.

II.

All chearful and hearty, we ſet aſide party,
With ſome tender fair each bright bumper is crown'd;
Thus Bacchus invites us, and Venus delights us,
While care in an ocean of claret is drown'd:
See here's our phyſician, we know no ambition—
But where there's good wine and good company found;
Thus happy together, in ſpite of all weather,
'Tis ſunſhine and ſummer with us the year round.

## SONG.

HAD NEPTUNE, when firſt he took charge of the ſea,
Been as wiſe, or at leaſt been as merry as we,
He'd have thought better on't, and inſtead of the brine,
Would have fill'd the vaſt ocean with generous wine.

What traffiicing then would have been on the main,
For the ſake of good liquor, as well as for gain!
No fear then of tempeſt, or danger of ſinking,——
The fiſhes ne'er drown that are always a drinking.

The hot thirſty ſun would then drive with more haſte,
Secure in the evening of ſuch a repaſt;
And when he'd got tipſey, would have taken his nap
With double the pleaſure on Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
Conſider how gloriouſly Phœbus would ſhine;
What vaſt exhalations he'd draw up on high
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted ſupply.

How happy us mortals, when bleſt with ſuch rain,
To fill all our veſſels, and fill them again!
Nay, even the beggar, that has ne'er a diſh,
Might jump in the river, and drink like a fiſh.

What mirth and contentment in ev'ry one's brow——
Hob, as great as a Prince, dancing after his plow!
The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
Altho' they but ſip, would eternally ſing.

The ſtars, which, I think, don't to drinking incline,
Would friſk and rejoice at the fume of the wine;
And, merrily twinkling, would ſoon let us know,
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the caſe, what had we then enjoy'd?
Our ſpirits ſtill riſing, our fancy ne'er cloy'd!
A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his power,
To ſlip, like a fool, ſuch a fortunate hour.

# *Humorous Songs, &c.*

## AN OLD WOMAN CLOATHED IN GREY.

### A FAVORITE CANTATA.

WITH THE ITALIAN IMITATIONS.

*Largo.*

AN Old Woman cloathed in grey,
Whoſe daughter was charming and young;
Her ſenſes are all gone aſtray,
E'er ſince Farinelli has ſung.

Son qual nave, che a gilata
Da piu ſcogli, in mezzo allonde
Si conſonde, e ſpaventa
Va volcando in alto mar.

*Vivace.*

No ſooner comes up a country clown,
With his leathern jacket, to London town,
But he goes to the opera, and pays his crown, for

Sento il fato——che gia fiſſo o
Beato lo Giſcondo.

Flocks are ſporting, doves are courting,
While ſweet Seneſino ſings.

Fortunate peccorelle, peſcol lette ſimplicette
Vaghi fiori molle erbette,
L'une L'altri vaghi e Belle
Senza inganni ſenza affani
Nella vita e nel amor.

*Largetto.*

No place like Norfolk for pudding and dumpling,
No place like London for frolic and fun;
Kent is the place for a codling or crumpling,
Stepney's the place for a cake or a bun.

*Vivace.*

But of all the ſongſters in the land
There's none like Farinelli,
He'll make your heart to jump and ſtart,
And caper in your belly.

Your men of arts may brag of parts,
They're all a pack of ninnies;
He ſhews moſt ſenſe who gets moſt pence,
And pockets all the guineas.

# SONG.

COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.

SUNG BY MISS ROMANZINI IN THE GRACES.

OH! men, what ſilly things ye are,
To women thus to humble,
Who, fowler like, but ſpreads the ſnare,
Or at her timid game takes aim,
Pop, pop, and down you tumble.

II.

She marks ye down, fly where you will,
To hedge, or graſs, or ſtubble;
Can wing you, feather you, or kill,
Juſt as ſhe takes the trouble.

III.

Then fly not from us, 'tis in vain,
We know the art of ſetting,
As well as ſhooting,——and can chain
The ſhyeſt man our net in.

## SPIRITS OF DISTRESS,

A FAVORITE SONG BY MR. DIBDIN.

SUNG AT HIS READINGS.

SPIRITS of Diſtreſs, of ev'ry occupation,
Perſwaſion, mode, complexion, temper, climate, inclination,
Come here! come here!
Spirit of a FRIAR oblig'd to go to maſs,
Spirit of a SAILOR who leaves his pretty laſs,
Spirit of a DRUNKARD deprived of his glaſs,
Appear! appear!

II.

Spirit of a VIRGIN old and antiquated,
Who forty long winters has ſigh'd away *unmated*,
Come here! come here!
Spirit of a QUAKER deceiv'd in pretty Ruth,
Spirit of an OLD MAN who apes the tricks of youth,
Spirit of a HYPOCRITE oblig'd to ſpeak the truth,
Appear! appear!

III

Spirit of a BRITON juſt arriv'd gay France in,
Who, 'ſtead of beef and fighting, meets with nought but frogs and dancing,
Come here! come here!
Spirit of an ALDERMAN—the dinner thrown down!
Spirit of a LOVER who has juſt receiv'd a frown,
Spirit of a BEAUTY diſappointed of her gown,
Appear! appear!

## SONG.

### THE JEW BROKER.

SUNG BY MR. DIBDIN AT HIS READINGS.

YE jobbers, underwriters, ye tribe of pen and ink,
Wid my fal lal de ra, &c.
Who on the alley's gay parterre your tea and coffee drink,
Wid my fal lal de ra, &c.
Rattling up your yellow boys, come hither at my call,
I'm buyer and I'm ſeller, and I can ſarve you all.
Wid my fal lal de ra, &c.

II.

Ye bulls, ye bears, ye lame ducks, and all the wadling crew,
If 'twas not for us ſmouchers, I dont know what you'd do;
If e'er you want ſhecurities, 'tis we dat find good pail,
Our friends have got de tarniſh,—but den they ſhome-times fail.
Wid my fa, &c.

III.

If nobleman have loſt race-horſe, and all their money ſpent,
My heart it melts, I draw de pond, I lend for cent per cent;

But if a life you would inſure dats old and crazy grown,
De ways and means I'll let you know, to get de buſineſs done.

Wid my fa, &c.

IV.

Ye captains and ye colonels, ye jointer'd widows all,
To little Iſaac come, when your ſtock begins to fall;
I'll put ye in a method once more to raiſe de caſh,—
I'll buy into your ſinking-funds——dat you may cut a flaſh.

Wid my fa, &c.

V.

Ye parſons wid good livings, ye courtiers wid good place,
Advice I'll give you cratis, and tink upon your caſe;
If dare iſh poſhibility, for you I'll raiſe de duſt,——
But den you muſt excuſe me if I ſarve myſelf de firſt.

Wid my fa, &c.

VI.

I give advice to ev'ry tribe, but phyſic and de law,
But they out-wit the Jews themſelves, for bills at ſight they draw;
We, when we lend our moniſh, run ſome riſk—*tho' tis but ſmall*,——
But they take all de moniſh, and run no riſk at all.

Wid my fa, &c.

## SONG.

### THE COBLER.

COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.

WHENE'ER I am mending a ſhoe,
Ev'ry thing in my ſtall that I view,
To my doating remembrance brings you,
While my heart in my boſom goes thump.
The beſt callimanco's your hair,
Your ſkin is the lining ſo fair,——
My awl to your eyes I compare,
That wounded the heart of poor Clump.

II.

Your teeth, which like ivory ſhow,
Are the pegs, in a white, even row,
Which I drive,—while at ev'ry blow
My heart in my boſom goes thump.
Each object, of you bears a part,——
Your wit, that's ſo piercing and ſmart,
Is my knife,—but my lapſtone your heart,
Which will ne'er let you pity poor Clump.

## SONG.

### OLD CHAIRS TO MEND.

COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.

LIKE mine to botch is each man's trade,
Each toils in his vocation,——
One man tinkers up the State,
Another mends the nation.
Your parſons preach to mend the heart,
They cobble heads at college;
Phyſicians patch with terms of art
And Latin, want of knowledge.

But none for praiſe can more contend
Than I, who cry, old chairs to mend.

II.

Your lawyer's tools are flaws and pleas,
We manners mend by dancing;
Wigs are patches for degrees,
And lovers are romancing.
Fortunes are mended up, and made
Too frequently with places;
With rouge, when their complexions fade,
Some ladies mend their faces.

But none for praiſe can more contend
Than I, who cry, old chairs to mend.

III.

To th' cit's affairs, a gangreene ſpeck,
The docquet inſtant patches;
Spendthrifts their fortunes ſhatter'd wreck,
Tinker with *prudent matches:*
Humility mends prelates pride,
Their hard and ſtern authority;
And Miniſters bad meaſures hide
Behind a good majority.

But none for praiſe can more contend
Than I, who cry, old chairs to mend.

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## SONG.

### THE TINKER.

COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.

AND SUNG BY HIM AT HIS READINGS.

A TINKER I am, my name's Natty Sam,
From morn to night I trudge it;
So low is my fate, my pers'nal eſtate
Lies all within my budget.

Work for the tinker, ho! good wives,
For they are lads of mettle;
'Twere well if you could mend your lives
As I can mend a kettle.

The man of war, the man of the bar,
Phyſicians, prieſts, freethinkers,
That rove up and down great London town,
What are they all? but tinkers.
Work for the tinker, &c.

Thoſe among the great, who tinker the State,
And badger the minority;
Pray what's the end of their work, my friend?
But to rivet a good majority.
Work for the tinker, &c.

This mends his name, that cobbles his fame,
That tinkers his reputation;
And thus, had I time, I could prove in my rhime,
Jolly tinkers of all the nation.
Work for the tinker, &c.

---

## SONG

### THE HIGHGATE OATH.

SILENCE! take notice, you are my ſon,
Full on your father look, Sir;
This is an oath you may take as you run,
So lay your hand on the horn-book, Sir.
Hornaby, thornaby, Highgate and Horns,
And money by hook or by crook, Sir.

Spend not with cheaters, or coz'ners, your life,
Nor waſte it on profligate beauty;
And when you are married, be kind to your wife,
And true to all petticoat duty!
Dutiful, beautiful, kind to your wife,
And true from the cap to the ſhoe-tie.

To drink to a man when a woman is near,
You never ſhould hold to be right, Sir;
Nor, unleſs 'tis your taſte, to drink ſmall for ſtrong beer,
Or eat brown bread, when you can get white, Sir.
Mannikin, cannikin, good meat and drink,
Are pleaſant at morn, noon, and night, Sir.

To kiſs with the maid, when the miſtreſs is kind,
A gentleman ought to be loath, Sir;
But if the maid's faireſt, your oath does not bind;
Or you may, if you like it, kiſs both, Sir.
Kiſs away, both you may, ſweetly ſmack night and day,
If you like it, you're bound by your oath, Sir.

When you travel to Highgate take this oath again,
And again, like a ſound man and true, Sir;
And if you have with you ſome more merry men,
Be ſure you make them take it too, Sir.
Bleſs you, ſon, get you gone, frolic and fun,
Old England and honeſt true blue, Sir.

## SONG.

COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.

THIS, this my lad's a ſoldier's life,
He marches to the ſprightly fife,
And in each town to ſome new wife
Swears he'll be ever true.
He's here, he's there, where is he not?
Variety's his envy'd lot;
He eats, drinks, ſleeps, and pays no ſhot,
And follows the loud tattoo.

II.

Call'd out to face his country's foes,
The tears of fond, domeſtic woes,
He kiſſes off, and boldly goes
To earn of fame his due.
Religion, liberty, and laws,
Both his are, and his country's cauſe,
For theſe thro' danger, without pauſe,
He follows the loud tattoo,

III.

And if at laſt, in honour's wars,
He earns his ſhare of danger's ſcars,——
Still he feels bold, and thanks his ſtars
He's no worſe fate to rue.
At Chelſea, free from toil and pain,
He wields his crutch, points out the ſlain,
And, in fond fancy, once again
Follows the loud tattoo.

## SONG.

COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.

WHEN in order drawn up, and adorn'd in his beſt,
If my ſoldier appears with more grace than the reſt;
If his gaiters are jet, his accoutrements fine,
If his hair's tied up tight, and his arms brightly ſhine,
Let him turn, wheel, or face—march, kneel, ſtoop, or ſtand,
Anxious ſtill to obey ev'ry word of command;
Erect like an arrow, or bending his knee,
'Tis not for the Gen'ral, 'tis all to pleaſe me.

II.

If with ſmoke and with duſt cover'd over, by turns,
To gain a ſham height, or falſe baſtion, he burns;
If of danger in ſpite, and regardleſs of fear,
He ruſhes to fight——when there's nobody near.
In ſhort, let him turn, wheel, or face——march, kneel, ſtoop, or ſtand,
Anxious ſtill to obey ev'ry word of command;
Erect like an arrow, or bending his knee,
'Tis not for the Gen'ral, 'tis all to pleaſe me.

## SONG. *POOR VULCAN.*

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

*Vulcan.*

HERE, take theſe ſhoes to Farmer Swine.—
I've heard the folks laugh at my ſign;*
And one cry'd, boo! another chuckl'd,
That's ſure the houſe of ſome old cuckold.
George! go mend Farmer Hedgeſtake's plough.—
I dream'd laſt night, that on my brow
Large horns grew out; and then, to-day,
Scarce to the door I'd found my way,
But, perch'd upon that tree, my bane,
The cuckoo——zounds! he's there again.

AIR.

Tell me, am I laugh'd to ſcorn?
Have I on each brow a horn?
This I ſuſpect, and if 'tis true,
Quickly anſwer me?——Cuckoo!
I have my cue,
Alas! 'tis true;
Hark! ſhe anſwers me——Cuckoo!

* *Sign of the Horns.*

II.

That anſwer's yes, the murder's out,
At leaſt I ſhall no longer doubt;
But tell me, if to one or two,
Or more, I am oblig'd?——Cuckoo!
What more than two?
Alas! 'tis true;
Hark! ſhe anſwers me——Cuckoo!

III.

In vain then do I beat my pate,
A cuckold am I dubb'd by fate;
Behold! here are my antlers——boo!
Am I not right, my friend?——Cuckoo!
Then plain to view,
My fears are true;
Hark! ſhe anſwers me——Cuckoo!

## SONG. *POOR VULCAN.*

*Vulcan.*

WHEN I've been working in my ſhop,
You many a time have ſeen me drop
Some water on the doubtful fire;
Which damp'd, at firſt, more dead has grown,
But quickly, by the bellows blown,
Has chang'd from brown to duſky red,
Then brighter heat and luſtre ſhed,
And flam'd, and ſparkl'd up the higher.

II.

Thus trickling tears from you that part,
Have often damp'd my doubtful heart,
And quench'd awhile my paſſion's heat;
But ſoon arous'd by kindling eyes,
I've felt anew my paſſion riſe,
While ſob and ſigh, and ſigh and ſob,
Have made my boſom throb and throb,
And like ſledge-hammers on it beat.

III.

The iron too, from th' fire when ta'en,
I've thumpt, and thumpt, and thumpt again,
And ſhap'd by ſure, though ſlow degrees.
So you, by perſevering well,
Have found a means my ſtrength to quell,——
And all by dint of practis'd art,
Have thumpt, and thumpt, and thumpt my heart,
And mould it juſt which way you pleaſe.

## SONG. *POOR VULCAN.*

*Serjeant Pike.*

COME all you gemmen volunteers,
In glory who would ſhare,
And leaving with your wives your fears,
To the drum-head repair:

Or, to the noble Serjeant Pike,
Come, come, without delay;
You'll enter into preſent pay:
Come, come, the bargain ſtrike;
A golden guinea and a crown,
Beſides, the lord knows what, renown;
His Majeſty's the donor;
And if you die,
Why then you lie
Stretch'd on the Bed of Honor.

II.

Does any 'prentice work too hard?
Fine clothes would any wear?
Would any one his wife diſcard?
To the drum-head repair:
Or, to the noble, &c.

III.

Is your eſtate put out to nurſe?
Are you a caſt-off Peer?
Have you no money in your purſe?
To the drum-head repair:
Or, to the noble, &c.

## DIALOGUE SONG.

### *IN POOR VULCAN.*

*Joe.*

WHEN the Serjeant, encourag'd by wine,
To your lips once preſum'd to advance,
Oh! how did I ſicken and pine,
That you deign'd to beſtow him a glance!
And again, when the 'Squire from the chace
Returning, beſtow'd you the ſpoil;
From my mem'ry I cannot eraſe,
That the prize you repaid with a ſmile.

*Maudlin.*

Ah, my Joey! one day in my place,
(The truth on't you cannot gainſay)
When I ſent my ſuivante, pretty Grace,
You kiſs'd her all on the new hay;
Nay, for ſelfiſh deſigns, dar'd to own,
You *pretended* a paſſion for me;
But attractions and charms I had none,
For Grace was your favorite ſhe.

*Both.*

We have each other on the hip,
Be jealous then no longer;
Rather let a little ſlip
Tie the knot the ſtronger.

## SONG. *POOR VULCAN.*

*A Verſe to be ſung by each in Company.*

LET every man now give his toaſt,
Fill up the glaſs, I'll tell you mine;
*Wine* is the miſtreſs I love moſt,
This is my toaſt,——now give me thine.

Well ſaid, my lad, ne'er let it ſtand,
I give you *Chloe*, nymph divine;
May love and wine go hand in hand,
This is my toaſt——now give me thine.

Fill up your glaſſes to the brink,
*Hebe* let no one dare decline;
'Twas Hebe taught me firſt to drink,
This is my toaſt,——now give me thine.

Gemmen, I give *my wife*, d'ye ſee,
May all to make her bleſt combine;
So ſhe be far enough from me,
This is my toaſt,——now give me thine.

Let conſtant lovers at the feet
Of pale-fac'd wenches, ſigh and pine,——
For me, the firſt kind girl I meet
Shall be my toaſt,——now give me thine.

You toaſt your wife, and you your laſs,
My boys, and welcome, here's the wine;
For my part, HE who fills my glaſs
Shall be my toaſt,——now give me thine.

*(As Landlord)*

Spirits, my lads, and toaſt away,
I have ſtill one with yours to join;
"That you may have enough to pay,"
This is my toaſt,——now give me thine.

# *Sea Songs, &c.*

## THE WANDERING SAILOR.

BY DR. ARNOLD.

THE Wand'ring Sailor ploughs the main,
A competence in life to gain;
Undaunted braves the ſtormy ſeas,
To find at laſt content and eaſe;
In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native ſhore.

II.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
And thunders ſhake from pole to pole;
Tho' dreadful waves ſurrounding foam,
Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home;
In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native ſhore.

III.

When round the bowl the jovial crew
The early ſcenes of youth renew;
Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boaſt,
This is the univerſal toaſt.
May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
Caſt anchor on our native ſhore.

## SONG.

### NOTHING LIKE GROG.

COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.

A PLAGUE of thoſe muſty old lubbers,
Who tell us to faſt and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink.
A can of good ſtuff, had they twigg'd it,
Would have ſet them for pleaſure agog,
And, ſpite of the rules,
The rules of the ſchools,
The old fools would have all of them ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

II.

My father, when laſt I from Guinea
Return'd with abundance of wealth,
Cry'd, Jack, never be ſuch a ninny
To drink;——ſays I,——father, your health!
So I paſs'd round the ſtuff, and he twigg'd it,
And it ſet the old codger agog;
And he ſwigg'd, and mother,
And ſiſter, and brother,
And I ſwigg'd, and all of us ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

III

One day when the chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curiouſly ſlunk,
And, while he our duty was teaching,
As how we ſhould never get drunk,
I tipt him the ſtuff, and he twigg'd it,
Which ſoon ſet his rev'rence agog;
And he ſwigg'd, and Nick ſwigg'd,
And Ben ſwigg'd, and Dick ſwigg'd,
And I ſwigg'd, and all of us ſwigg'd it,
And ſwore there was nothing like grog.

IV.

Then truſt me, there's nothing as drinking
So pleaſant on this ſide the grave,
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes 'em more valiant, more brave.
For me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good ſtuff has ſo ſet me agog,
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
I've conſtantly, conſtantly ſwigg'd it;
And, d—mn me, there's nothing like grog.

# A FAVORITE SONG.

COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN,

AND SUNG BY HIM AT HIS READINGS.

JACK Ratlin was the ableſt ſeaman,
None like him could hand, reef, or ſteer;
No dang'rous toil, but he'd encounter
With ſkill, and in contempt of fear.
In fight a lion,——the battle ended,
Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove;
Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit,
Yet did he ſigh,——and all for love.

II.

The ſong, the jeſt, the flowing liquor,
For none of theſe had Jack's regard;
He, while his meſsmates were carouſing,
High ſitting on his pending yard,
Would think upon his fair one's beauties,
Swear never from ſuch charms to rove;
That truly he'd adore them living,
And, dying, ſigh——to end his love.

III.

The ſame expreſs the crew commanded
Once more to view their native land,
Amongſt the reſt brought Jack ſome tidings;
Would it had been his love's fair hand!

Oh! Fate! her death defac'd the letter——
Inſtant his pulſe forgot to move!
With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
He heav'd a ſigh!——and dy'd for love.

---

## SONG.

COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempeſts tear
The main-maſt by the board,——
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well ſtor'd,
Shall brave all dangers, ſcorn all fear——
The roaring winds, the raging ſea,
In hopes once more to be on ſhore
Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft, while mountains high we go,
The whiſtling winds that ſcud along,
And the ſurge roaring from below,
Shall my ſignal be, to think on thee,
And this ſhall be my ſong:
Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night, when all the crew
  The mem'ry of their former lives
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
  And drink their ſweethearts and their wives,
    I'll heave a ſigh, and think on thee;
And as the ſhip rolls through the ſea,
The burthen of my ſong ſhall be,

Blow high, blow low, let tempeſts tear
  The main-maſt by the board,——
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
  And love well ſtor'd,
Shall brave all dangers, ſcorn all fear——
  The roaring winds, the raging ſea,
In hopes once more to be on ſhore
  Safe moor'd with thee.

---

## SONG.

### WHAT ARGUFIES PRIDE AND AMBITION.

COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.

WHAT argufies Pride and Ambition,
  Soon or late death will take us in tow;
Each bullet has got its commiſſion,
  And when our time's come we muſt go.

CHORUS.

Then drink and ſing, hang pain and ſorrow,
For the halter's made many a neck;
He that's now live and luſty, to-morrow,
Perhaps, may be ſtretch'd on the deck.

There was little Tom Linſtock of Dover,
Got kill'd, and left Polly in pain,
Poll cry'd, but her grief was ſoon over,
And then ſhe got married again.
Then drink and ſing, &c.

Jack Junck was ill-us'd by Bet Crocker,
And ſo took to ſucking the ſtuff,
Till he tumbl'd in old Davy's locker,
And then he got liquor enough.
Then drink and ſing, &c.

To a ſailor, ſays one, pray go never
To ſea; your friends dy'd there, 'tis ſaid;
Says Jack, would ye ſit up for ever,
Becauſe your friends dy'd in their bed.
Then drink and ſing, &c.

For our prize-money then to the proctor,
Take of joy, while 'tis going, our freak;
For what arguſies calling the doctor,
When the anchor of life is a-peak.
Then drink and ſing, &c.

## SONG.

### YO, YEA!

COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.

I SAIL'D in the good ſhip the KITTY,
With a ſtiff blowing gale and rough ſea;
Left my Polly, the lads call ſo pretty,
Safe here at an anchor;——Yo, yea!
Yo, yea! yo, yea!

She blubber'd ſalt tears when we parted,
And cry'd, now be conſtant to me;
I told her not to be down-hearted,
So up went the anchor;——Yo, yea!

When the wind whiſtl'd larboard and ſtarboard,
And the ſtorm came on weather and lee;
The hope I with her ſhould be harbour'd,
Was my cable and anchor;——Yo, yea!

And now, my boys, would ye believe me?
I return'd with no rhino from ſea;
Mrs. Polly would never receive me,
So again I heav'd anchor;——Yo, yea!

# SONG.

## DESCRIPTION OF A STORM.

BY MR. ROBERT BRADLEY.

BLOW, Boreas, blow, and let the ſurly winds
Make the billows foam and roar;
Thou canſt no terrors breed in valiant minds,
But ſpite of thee we'll live and find the ſhore.
Then chear my heart, and be not aw'd,
But keep the gun room clear;
Tho' hell's broke looſe, and dæmons roar abroad,
Whilſt we have ſea-room here, boys, never fear.

Hey! how ſhe toſſes up, how far!
The mounting top-maſt touch'd a ſtar:
The meteors blaz'd, as thro' the clouds we came,
And, Salamander like, we liv'd in flame.

But now we ſink! now we go down
To the deepeſt ſhades below:
Alas! where are we now! who, who can tell?
Sure 'tis the deepeſt room in h—ll,
Or where the ſea-gods dwell:
With them we'll live, we'll live and reign,
With them we'll laugh, and ſing and drink amain;
But ſee! we mount! ſee, ſee, we riſe again.

Tho' flaſhes of lightning, and tempeſts of rain,
Do fiercely contend which ſhall conquer the main;
Tho' the captain does ſwear inſtead of a pray'r,
And the ſea is all fir'd by the dæmons of th' air,
We'll drink, and defy
The mad ſpirits that fly
From the deep to the ſky,
And ſing, whilſt the thunder does bellow:
For fate ſtill will have
A kind chance for the brave,
And ne'er make his grave
Of a ſalt-water wave,
To drown, no never to drown a good fellow.

## SONG

### THE STORM.

CEASE, rude Boreas, bluſt'ring railer!
Liſt ye landmen all to me;
Meſſmates, hear a brother-ſailor
Sing the dangers of the ſea.
From bounding billows, firſt in motion,
When the diſtant whirlwinds riſe,
To the tempeſt-troubl'd ocean,
Where the ſeas contend with ſkies.

II.

Hark! the boatſwain hoarſely bawling,—
By topſail ſheets, and haulyards ſtand!
Down top-gallants,—quick!—be hauling!
Down your ſtay-ſails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freſhens——ſet the braces;
Quick the top-ſail ſheets let go;
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces!
Up your top-ſails nimbly clew!

III.

Now all you on down-beds ſporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
Freſh enjoyments wanton courting,
Free from all but love's alarms,——
Round us roars the tempeſt louder,
Think what fears our mind enthrals;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder;
Now again the boatſwain calls:

IV.

The top-ſail yard point to the wind, boys!
See all clear to reef each courſe!
Let the fore-ſheets go; don't mind, boys,
Though the weather ſhould be worſe.
Fore and aft the ſprit-ſail yard ſet,
Reef the mizen, ſee all clear;
Hand up! each preventer-brace ſet;
Man the fore-yard; chear, lads, cltear!

V.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring!
Peals on peals contending claſh!
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring!
In our eyes blue lightnings flaſh!
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black ſky!
Different deaths at once ſurround us.
Hark! what means that dreadful cry!

VI.

The fore-maſt's gonè! crys ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet' bove deck:
A leak beneath the cheſt-tree's ſprung out;
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces!
Come, my hearts, be ſtout and bold:
Plumb the well; the leak increaſes;
Four feet water in the hold!

VII.

While o'er the ſhip wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating;
Alas! from hence there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us;
Both chain pumps are choak'd below;
Heav'n have mercy here upon us!
For only that can ſave us now!

VIII.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys;
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys;
See! our mizen-maſt is gone.
The leak we've found—it cannot pour faſt;
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up, and rig a jury fore-maſt;
She rights, ſhe rights, boys! we're off ſhore.

IX.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind fortune's ſpar'd our lives:
Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking
To our ſweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ſhip wheel it——
Cloſe to th' lips a brimmer join.
Where's the tempeſt now? who feels it?
None! our danger's drown'd in wine.

# *Hunting Songs, &c.*

## CANTATA.

### RECITATIVE.

'TWAS roſy morn, when chaſte Diana bright,
From balmy ſlumbers ſpringing light,
Wak'd all her nymphs from pleaſing reſt,
And thus her ſylvan train addreſs'd:

### AIR.

From this high mount with me deſcend,
And now to the joys of the chace,——
O'er hills and dales our flight we bend,
And match the fleet ſtag in our pace.

My ſilver bow is ready ſtrung,——
My golden quiver graceful hung:
Away, my nymphs, away,—
Let ſhouts to the welkin reſound;
And ſhe who ſtrikes the deſtin'd prey,
Shall Queen of the Foreſt be crown'd.

## SONG.

### THE FOX CHACE.

COMPOSED BY MR. DIBDIN.

AT the ſound of the horn,
We riſe in the morn,
And waken the woods as we thunder along;
Yoix! yoix! tally-o!
After Reynard we go,
While echo on echo redoubles the ſong.
CHO. We waken the woods, &c.

II.

Not the ſteeds of the ſun
Our brave courſers outrun,——
O'er the mound, horſe & hound, ſee us bound in full cry;
Like Phœbus we rize
To the heights of the ſkies,
And careleſs of danger five bars we defy.
CHO. We waken the woods, &c.

III.

At eve, Sir, we ruſh,
And are hard at his bruſh,
Already he dies,——ſee him panting for breath.
Each feat and defeat
We renew and repeat,
Regardleſs of life, ſo we're in at the death.
CHO. We waken the woods, &c.

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Regardleſs of life, ſo we're in at the death.
CHO. We waken the woods, &c.

IV.

With a bottle at night,
We prolong the delight;
Much Trimbuſh we praiſe, & the deeds that were done.
And yoix! tally-o!
Next morning we go
With Phœbus to end—as we mount with the ſun.

---

## HUNTING SONG.

RECITATIVE.

THE whiſt'ling ploughman hails the bluſhing dawn,
The thruſh melodious drowns the ruſtic note;
Loud ſings the blackbird through reſounding groves,
And the lark ſoars to meet the riſing ſun.

AIR.

Away, to the copſe lead away;
And now, my boys, throw off the hounds;
I'll warrant he ſhews us ſome play:
See yonder he ſkulks through the grounds.
Then ſpurn your briſk courſers, and ſmoke 'em, my bloods;
'Tis a delicate ſcent-lying morn:
What concert is equal to thoſe of the woods,
Betwixt echo, the hounds, and the horn?

Each earth ſee he tries at in vain,
In cover no ſafety can find;
So he breaks it, and ſcours amain,
And leaves us at diſtance behind.
O'er rocks, o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,
All hazard and danger we ſcorn;
Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die;
Chear up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he ſcarce creeps through the dale,——
All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue;
His ſpeed can no longer avail,
Nor his life can his cunning prolong.
From our ſtaunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that he fled,——
See his bruſh falls bemir'd, forlorn;
The farmers with pleaſure behold him lie dead,
And ſhout to the ſound of the horn.

---

## HUNTING SONG.

AWAY to the field, ſee the morning looks grey,
And, ſweetly bedappl'd, forbodes a fine day;
The hounds are all eager the ſports to embrace,
And carol aloud to be led to the chace.

CHORUS.

Then hark, in the morn, to the call of the horn,
And join with the jovial crew;
While the ſeaſon invites, with all its delights,
The health-giving chace to purſue.

How charming the ſight when Aurora firſt dawns,
To ſee the bright beagles ſpread over the lawns;
To welcome the ſun, now returning to reſt,
Their matins they chaunt as they merrily queſt.
CHO. Then hark, in the morn, &c.

But oh! how each boſom with tranſport it fills,
To ſtart juſt as Phœbus peeps over the hills;
While joyous from valley to valley reſounds
The ſhouts of the hunters and cry of the hounds.
CHO. Then hark, in the morn, &c.

See how the brave hunters, with courage elate,
Fly hedges or ditches, or top the barr'd gate;
Borne by their bold courſers no dangers they fear,
And give to the winds all vexation and care.
CHO. Then hark, in the morn, &c.

Ye cits, for the chace quit the joys of the town,
And ſcorn the dull pleaſure of ſleeping in down
Uncertain your toil, or for honor or wealth,
Our's ſtill is repaid with Contentment and Health.
CHO. Then hark, in the morn, &c.

## A FAVORITE HUNTING SONG.

COMPOSED BY MR. MOULDS.

WHEN Aurora is up, the ſweet goddeſs of day,
And Apollo from Thetis's breaſt,
The fleet-footed hare ſteals ſwiftly away,
And the ſweet-ſhrilling lark leaves her neſt.

CHORUS.

Then ariſe, my brave boys, to the health-giving chace,
And hail the gay nymph of the morn;
No care in your breaſt ſhall ever take place
While you follow the ſound of the horn.

Sure no ſport on earth ſuch a pleaſure can yield,
No joy to the chace can compare;
What proſpect ſo bright as to view the gay field,
Or taſte of the ſweet morning air.
CHO. Then ariſe, my brave boys, &c.

We thus ſpend our lives in a round of delight,
While rapture beams bright in each eye;
Our fav'rites we toaſt with bumpers at night,
And thus fickle Fortune defy.
CHO. Then ariſe, my brave boys, &c.

## HUNTING SONG.

### *POOR VULCAN.*

THE moment Aurora peep'd into my room,
I put on my cloaths, and I call'd for my groom;
Will Whiſtle by this had uncoupl'd the hounds,
Which lively and mettleſome friſk'd o'er the grounds.
And now we're all ſaddl'd;—fleet dapple and grey,
Seem'd longing to hear the glad ſound,—hark, away!

II.

'Twas now by the clock about five in the morn,
When we all gallop'd off to the ſound of the horn;—
Jack Gater, Bill Babler, and Dick at the Gooſe,
When all of a ſudden out ſtarts Miſtreſs Puſs:
Men, horſes, and dogs—not a moment would ſtay,
And echo was heard to cry——hark! hark, away!

III.

The courſe was a fine one, ſhe took o'er the plain,
Which ſhe doubl'd and doubl'd, and doubl'd again;
Till at laſt ſhe to cover return'd out of breath,
And I and Will Whiſtle were in at the death:
Then, in triumph for you, I the hare did diſplay,
And cry'd to the horns, my boys,—hark! hark, away.

# *Duets, &c.*

## DUET.

OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil ACHILLES;
I'll tell you, young gentleman, what the fate's will is,
You, my boy, muſt go
(The Gods will have it ſo)
To the Siege of TROY,——
Thence never to return to Greece again,
But before thoſe walls to be ſlain.

Ne'er let your noble courage be caſt down;
But, all the while you lie before the town,
Drink and drive care away, drink and be merry,
You'll ne'er go the ſooner to the Stygian ferry.

## DUET. *CHAPLET.*

DAMON AND PASTORA.

*Damon.*

FROM flow'r to flow'r, his joy to change,
Flirts yonder wanton bee;
From fair to fair thus will I range,
And I'll be ever free.

*Paſtora.*

Yon' little birds attentive view,
That hop from tree to tree;
I'll copy them, I'll copy you,
For I'll be ever free.

*Damon.*

While tempeſts ſhake the nodding grove,
And plough the foaming ſea;
While hawks purſue the flying dove,
So long will I be free.

*Paſtora.*

Till on the buſh the lilly grows,——
Till flocks forſake the lea;
Till from the rock burſts forth the roſe,
You'll find me blithe and free.

*Both*

Then let's divide to eaſt and weſt,
Since we ſhall ne'er agree;
And try who keeps their promiſe beſt,
And who's the longeſt free.

## DUET.

COMPOSED BY MR. HARRINGTON.

HOW ſweet in the woodlands, with fleet hound and horn
To waken ſhrill echo, and taſte the freſh morn;
But hard is the chace my fond heart muſt purſue,
For Daphne, fair Daphne, is loſt to my view:——
She's loſt!
Fair Daphne is loſt to my view.

Aſſiſt me, chaſte Dian, the nymph to regain,
More wild than the roebuck, and wing'd with diſdain;
In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as ſhe flies,——
Tho' Daphne's purſu'd,—'tis Myrtillo that dies:——
That dies!
Tho' Daphne's purſu'd,——'tis Myrtillo that dies.

---

## DUET.

TO THE SAME AIR.

THE Stag through the foreſt, when rouz'd by the horn,
Sore frighted, high bounding, flies wretched, forlorn;
Quick panting, heart burſting; the hounds now in view,
Speed doubles! ſpeed doubles! they eager purſue.

But 'ſcaping the hunters, again through the groves,
Forgetting paſt evils, with freedom he roves;
Not ſo in his ſoul, who from tyrant Love flies,——
The ſhaft overtakes him,——deſpairing—he dies.

---

## DUET.

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn,
How ſweet is the ſound of the echoing horn!
When the antling ſtag is rouz'd by the ſound,
Erecting his ears, nimbly ſweeps o'er the ground,
And thinks he has left us behind on the plain:
But ſtill we purſue,——and now come in view
of the glorious game.

II.

O, ſee! how again he rears up his head,
And, winged with fear, redoubles his ſpeed:
But, oh! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain that he flies,——
That his eyes loſe the huntſman, his ears loſe the cries,
For now his ſtrength fails him, he heavily flies,——
And he pants, till, with well-ſcented hounds
ſurrounded, he dies.

## DUET.

FROM THE MASQUE OF COMUS.

FROM tyrant laws and cuſtoms free,
We follow ſweet variety:
By turns we drink,
And dance and ſing,——
Time for ever on the wing.

By turns we drink, and dance and ſing,——
Time for ever on the wing.

Why ſhould niggard rules controul
Tranſports of the jovial ſoul;
No dull ſtinting hours we own,
Pleaſure counts our time alone.

---

## DUET.

*MILTON.*

SWEET is the breath of morn;
Her riſing ſweet, with charm of earlieſt birds,
Fragrant the earth, and bright the gems of heav'n.

But neither ſtars, nor fragrant earth,
Nor charm of earlieſt birds,
Nor breath of morning, without thee are ſweet.

## DUET.

COMPOSED BY MR. TRAVERS.

WHEN Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of champaigne as an egg's full of meat,
He wak'd in the boat,——and to Charon he ſaid,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.

Trim the boat and ſit quiet, old Charon reply'd,
You may have forgot, you were drunk when you dy'd.

---

## DUET.

COMPOSED BY MR. HAYDEN.

AS I ſaw fair Clora walk alone,
The feather'd ſnow came ſoftly down;
As Jove deſcending from his tow'r,
To court her in a ſilver ſhow'r.

The wanton ſnow flew to her breaſts,
Like little birds into their neſts;
But being overcome with whiteneſs there,
For grief diſſolv'd into a tear.

Thence falling on her garment's hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

## DUET.

COMPOSED BY MR. JACKSON.

TIME has not thin'd my flowing hair,
Nor bent me with his iron hand:
Ah! why ſo ſoon the bloſſom tear,
Ere autumn yet the fruit demand.

Let me enjoy the chearful day,
Till many a year has o'er me roll'd;
Pleas'd, let me trifle life away,
And ſing of love ere I grow old.

---

## DUET.

COMPOSED BY MR. JACKSON.

AH! what avails thy lover's pray'r,
His incenſe clouds the ſky in vain.
Nor wealth, nor greatneſs was his care,
Thee, thee alone, he begg'd to gain.

With thee to waſte the pleaſing day,
When ev'ry hour in joy was paſt;
With love inſenſibly decay,
And on thy boſom breath my laſt.

## DUET.

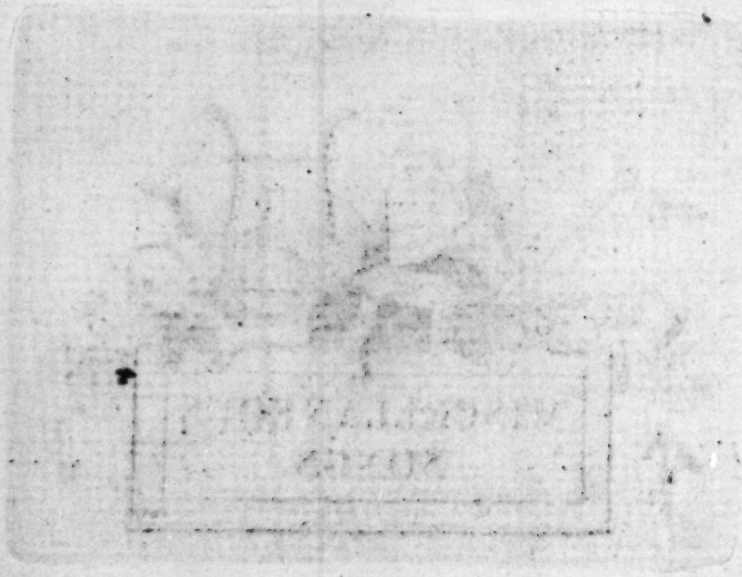
COMPOSED BY MR. JOHN TRAVERS.

HASTE, my Nanette, my lovely maid,
Haſte to the bow'r thy ſwain has made;
For thee, alone, I made the bow'r,
And ſtrew'd the couch with many a flow'r.
None but my ſheep ſhall near us come;
Venus be prais'd, my ſheep are dumb.

Great God of Love, take thou my crook,
To keep the wolf from Nanette's flock:
Guard thou the ſheep, to her ſo dear;
My own, alas! are leſs my care:
But of the wolf if thou'rt afraid,
Come not to us to call for aid.

For with her ſwain my love ſhall ſtay,
Though the wolf ſtrole, and ſheep do ſtray.

MISCELLANEOUS
SONGS.



# *Miſcellaneous Songs, &c.*

## THE SHEPHERD's ADVICE.

### *A PASTORAL BALLAD.*

BY FREDERIC ATKINSON.

*Scene*, A COTTAGE. —— *Time*, WINTER.

COME, learn of me, my rural friends,
Who would the ſweets of life enjoy;
Come, ſee, where MIRTH with VIRTUE blends,
And ſocial cares the hours employ.
Come, ſee, around my chearful fire,
Domeſtic bleſſings on me wait;
Whate'er 'tis virtuous to deſire,
E'er dwells within my peaceful gate.

II.

We know no charms in Folly's train;
We feel no pain from Envy's dart;
The guilty pleaſures of the vain
No wiſh excite,——no joys impart.
Secure within ourſelves, we find
Felicity they cannot bring:
The treaſure of the virtuous mind,
The golden age which poets ſing.

III.

Nor here are SOCIAL joys forgot;
Some ſwain, whoſe heart with friendſhip glows,
Shares the free comforts of our cot;
The peaceful ſcene ſtill brighter grows.
Now guiltleſs mirth our breaſts inſpire,
O'er many a paſt delight we rove;
Whilſt MARY wakes the rural lyre
To friendſhip, or to faithful love.

IV.

Enjoy with me this heartfelt eaſe,
Leave envy, folly, noiſe, and ſtriſe;
Comforts unmixt enjoy, like theſe,
That ſoothe the rugged paths of liſe.
Like me, be happy, blythe and gay,
Nor my rich homely joys deſpiſe;
" But ere youth's ſeaſon glides away,
" The SHEPHERD's tranſports learn to prize."

---

## SONG.

BY MATTHEW PRIOR, ESQ.

IF wine and muſic have the power
To eaſe the ſickneſs of the ſoul;
Let Phœbus every ſtring explore,
And Bacchus fill the ſprightly bowl.

Let them their friendly aid employ
To make my Chloe's abſence light;
And ſeek for pleaſure, to deſtroy
The ſorrows of this live-long night.

But ſhe to-morrow will return:
Venus, be thou to-morrow great;
Thy myrtles ſtrow, thy odours burn,
And meet thy fav'rite nymph in ſtate.

Kind goddeſs, to no other powers
Let us to-morrow's bleſſings own:
Thy darling love ſhall guide the hours,
And all the day be thine alone.

---

## SONG.

BY WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

ADIEU! ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old Care in floods of wine;
And, as your dazzl'd eye-balls roll,
Diſcern him ſtruggling in the bowl.

Nor yet is hope ſo wholly flown,
Nor yet is thought ſo tedious grown;
But limpid ſtream and ſhady tree
Retain, as yet, ſome ſweets for me.

And ſee, through yonder ſilent grove,
  See yonder does my DAPHNE rove:
With pride her footſteps I purſue,
  And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The ſole confuſion I admire,
  Is that my DAPHNE's eyes inſpire;
I ſcorn the madneſs you approve,
  And value reaſon next to love.

---

## SONG.

### THE DYING KID.

BY W. SHENSTONE, ESQ.

*Optima quæque dies miſeris mortalibus ævi*
*Prima fugit.* VIRG.

IMITATION.

Ah! wretched mortals we! our brighteſt days
On fleeteſt pinion fly.

A TEAR bedews my DELIA's eye,
  To think yon playful kid muſt die;
From cryſtal ſpring, and flow'ry mead,
Muſt, in his pride of life, recede!

Erewhile, in ſportive circles round
She ſaw him wheel, and friſk, and bound;
From rock to rock purſue his way,
And, on the fearful margin, play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
She ſaw him climb my ruſtic cell;
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And ſeem'd all raviſh'd at the ſight.

She tells, with what delight he ſtood,
To trace his features in the flood:
Then ſkipp'd aloof with quaint amaze;
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me, how with eager ſpeed
He flew, to hear my vocal reed;
And how, with critic face profound,
And ſtedfaſt ear, devour'd the ſound.

His ev'ry frolic, light as air,
Deſerves the gentle DELIA's care;
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid muſt die.——

But knows my DELIA, timely wiſe,
How ſoon this blameleſs æra flies?
While violence and craft ſucceed;
Unfair deſign, and ruthleſs deed!

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more;
And ſoon, eras'd from every grove
Were DELIA's name, and STREPHON's love.

No more thoſe bow'rs might STREPHON ſee,
Where firſt he fondly gaz'd on thee;
No more thoſe beds of flow'rets find,
Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward paſſion ſoon would tear
His boſom, now ſo void of care;
And, when they left his ebbing vein,
What, but inſipid age, remain?

Then mourn not the decrees of fate,
That gave his life ſo ſhort a date;
And I will join my tend'reſt ſighs,
To think that youth ſo ſwiftly flies!

---

## SONG.

WHAT man in his wits had not rather be poor,
Than for lucre his freedom to give?
Ever buſy the means of his life to ſecure,
And ſo ever neglecting to live?

Environ'd from morning to night in a crowd,
Not a moment unbent or alone:
Conſtrain'd to be abject, though never ſo proud,
And at ev'ry one's call but his own.

Still repining and longing for quiet each hour,
Yet ſtudiouſly flying it ſtill;
With the means of enjoying his wiſh in his pow'r,
But accurſt with his wanting the will.

For a year muſt be paid, or a day muſt be come,
Before he has leizure to reſt:
He muſt add to his ſtore this, or that, pretty ſum,
And then will have time to be *bleſt*.

But his gains, more bewitching the more they increaſe,
Only ſwell the deſire of his eye:
Such a wretch let mine enemy live, if he pleaſe;
Let not *even mine enemy* DIE.

---

## SONG.

### THE SHEPHERD's INVITATION.

BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOW.*

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleaſures prove
That vallies, groves, or hills and fields,
And all the ſteepy mountain, yields.

And we will ſit upon the rocks,
Seeing the ſhepherds feed their flocks
By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls
Melodious birds ſing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roſes,
And a thouſand fragrant poſies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the fineſt wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lin'd ſlippers for the cold,
With buckles of the pureſt gold.

A belt of ſtraw and ivy buds,
With coral claſps and amber ſtuds:
And if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The ſhepherd ſwains ſhall dance and ſing
For thy delight each May morning:
If theſe delights thy mind may move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

* " *One of our earlieſt dramatic writers, and a perſon of great* " *genius. This beautiful paſtoral has been generally attributed* " *to Shakſpeare, whoſe fame requires no addition from other peo-* " *ple's performances.*"

## SONG.

### THE NYMPH's REPLY,

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in ev'ry ſhepherd's tongue;
Theſe pretty pleaſures might me move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to field,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb:
The reſt complains of cares to come.

The flow'rs do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter's reck'ning yields:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's ſpring, but ſorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy ſhoes, thy beds of roſes;
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy poſies,
Soon break, ſoon wither, ſoon forgotten,——
In folly ripe,——in reaſon rotten.

Thy belt of ſtraw and ivy buds,
Thy coral claſp and amber ſtuds,
All theſe in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth laſt, and love ſtill breed;
Had joy no date, nor age no need;
Then theſe delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love,

---

## THE MUCH-ADMIR'D SONG FROM *JEPTHA.*

### *HANDEL.*

RECITATIVE.

YE ſacred prieſts, whoſe hands were never ſtain'd
With human blood, Why are ye thus afraid
To execute my father's will? The call of heav'n,
With humble reſignation, I obey!———

AIR.

Farewell! ye limpid ſprings and floods,—
Ye flow'ry meads, and mazy woods:
Farewell! thou buſy world, where reign
Short hours of joy and years of pain!

Brighter ſcenes I ſeek above,
In the realms of peace and love.

## SONG.

### INKLE AND YARICO.

YARICO.

OUR grotto was the ſweeteſt place!
The bending bows, with fragrance blowing,
Would check the brook's impetuous pace,
Which murmur'd to be ſtopt from flowing.
'Twas there we met, and gaz'd our fill;
Ah! think on this, and love me ſtill.

II.

'Twas then my boſom firſt knew fear,
Fear to an Indian maid a ſtranger:
The war-ſong, arrows, hatchet, ſpear,
All warn'd me of my lover's danger.
For him did cares my boſom fill;
Ah! think on this, and love me ſtill.

III.

"For him, by day with care conceal'd,
"To bring him food I climb'd the mountain;
"And when the night no form reveal'd,
"Jocund we ſought the bubbling fountain.
"Then, then would joy my boſom fill;
"Ah! think on this, and love me ſtill."

## FAVORITE AIR

## IN RICHARD COEUR DE LION.

MATILDA.

O! RICHARD! oh, my love!
By the faithleſs world forgot;
I alone in exile rove,
To lament thy hapleſs lot.

I alone of all remain
To unbind thy cruel chain,—
By the faithleſs world forgot:
I, whoſe boſom ſunk in grief,
Leaſt of ſtrength to yield relief.——

Deluſive glory! faithleſs pow'r!
Thus the valiant you repay;
In diſaſter's heavy hour,
Faithleſs friendſhip's far away.
Yet, royal youth,
One faithful heart
From tendereſt truth,
Tho' hopeleſs, never ſhall depart.

O! Richard! oh, my love!
By the faithleſs world forgot;
I alone in exile rove,
To lament thy hapleſs lot.

## FAVORITE TWO-PART SONG

## IN RICHARD COEUR DE LION.

### MATILDA AND LAURETTE.

MATILDA.

THE God of Love a bandeau wears,
Would you know what it declares,
And why his eyes are clouded?
'Tis to ſhew us that his pow'r
Is ne'er ſo fatal, ne'er ſo ſure,
As when in darkneſs ſhrowded.

LAURETTE.

Good Sir, repeat that pretty ſtrain,
Pray, again, again.
A leſſon kind it does impart,
To guard againſt a lover's art.

MATILDA.

With all my heart.——
The God of Love a bandeau wears,
Would you know what it declares,
And why his eyes are clouded:
'Tis to ſhew us that his pow'r
Is ne'er ſo fatal, ne'er ſo ſure,
As when in darkneſs ſhrowded.

# SONG.

SHAKSPEARE.

BLOW, blow, thou winter's wind!
Thou art not ſo unkind
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! ſing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Moſt friendſhip is feigning,—moſt loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly,
This life is moſt jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky,——
Thou doſt not bite ſo nigh
As benefits forgot.
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho! ſing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Moſt friendſhip is feigning,—moſt loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly,
This life is moſt jolly.

## THE SAILOR's SONG.

SUNG BY MR. MEREDITH.

WHEN it is night, and the mid-watch is come,
And chilling miſts hang o'er the darken'd main,
Then ſailors think of their far diſtant home,
And of thoſe friends they ne'er may ſee again.
But when the fight's begun,
Each ſerving at his gun,
Should any thought of them come o'er your mind,—
Think, only, ſhould the day be won,
How 'twill chear
The heart, to hear
That their old companion—he was one.

II.

Or, my lad, if you a miſtreſs kind
Have left on ſhore,——ſome pretty girl, and true,
Who many a night doth liſten to the wind,
And ſigh to think how it may fare with you.
O! when the fight's begun,
And ſerving at his gun,
Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,—
Think, only, ſhould the day be won,
How 'twill chear
Her heart, to hear
That her own true ſailor—he was one.

## SONG.

### ON FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP! peculiar gift of heav'n
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world deny'd.

While LOVE, unknown among the bleſt,
Parent of age and hot deſires,
The human and the ſavage breaſt
Inflames alike with equal fires.

With bright, but oft deſtructive gleam,
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly;
Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the fav'rites of the ſky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltleſs joys
On fools and villains ne'er deſcend;
In vain for thee the monarch ſighs,
And hugs a flatt'rer for a friend.

When virtues, kindred virtues meet,
And ſiſter-ſouls together join,
Thy pleaſures, permanent as great,
Are all tranſporting, all divine.

Oh! ſhall thy flames then ceaſe to glow,
When ſouls to happier climes remove?
What rais'd our virtue here below,
Shall aid our happineſs above.

## ON A PIPE OF TOBACCO. *

PRETTY tube of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour;
Object of my hot deſire,
Lip of wax, and eye of fire;
And thy ſnowy taper waiſt,
With my finger gently brac'd;
And thy lovely ſwelling creſt,
With my bended ſtopper preſt;
And the ſweeteſt bliſs of bliſſes,
Breathing from thy balmy kiſſes:
Happy thrice, and thrice agen——
Happieſt he of happy men!

Who, when again the night returns,
When again the taper burns;
When again the crickets gay,
(Little crickets, full of play)
Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant Indian weed;
Pleaſure for a noſe divine,
Incenſe of the God of Wine!
Happy thrice, and thrice agen——
Happieſt he of happy men!

* *Written in imitation of Phillips, by Iſaac H. Browne, Eſq.*

## SONG.

### THE HAPPY LIFE.

BY MR. W. THOMPSON.

A BOOK, a friend, a ſong, a glaſs,——
A chaſte, yet laughter-loving laſs,
To mortals various joys impart,
Inform the ſenſe, and warm the heart.

Thrice happy they who careleſs laid
Beneath a kind embowering ſhade,
With roſy wreaths their temples crown,
In roſy wine their ſorrows drown.

Mean-while, the Muſes wake the lyre,——
The Graces modeſt mirth inſpire;
Good-natur'd humour, harmleſs wit,
Well-temper'd joys, not grave nor light.

Let ſacred Venus with her heir,
And dear Ianthe too be there;——
Muſic and wine in concert move
With beauty and refining love.

There Peace ſhall ſpread her dove-like wing,
And bid her olives round us ſpring;
There Truth ſhall reign a ſacred gueſt,
And Innocence to crown the reſt.

Begone! ambition, riches, toys,
And ſplendid cares, and guilty joys:
Give me a book, a friend, a glaſs,
And a chaſte, laughter-loving laſs.

---

## SONG.

BID me, when forty winters more
Have furrow'd deep my palid brow;
When from my head, a ſcanty ſtore,
Lankly the wither'd treſſes flow;
When the warm tide, that, bold and ſtrong,
Now rolls impetuous on and free,
Languid and ſlow, ſcarce ſteals along;
Then bid me court ſobriety,
Then bid me court ſobriety.

II.

Nature, who form'd the varied ſcene
Of rage and calm, of froſt and fire,
Unerring guide, could only mean
That age ſhould reaſon, youth deſire.
Shall then, that rebel man preſume,
Inverting nature's law, to ſeize
The dues of age in youth's high bloom,
And join impoſſibilities?
And join impoſſibilities?

III.

Let me waſte the frolic May
In wanton joy and wild exceſs;
In revel ſport and laughter gay,
And mirth and roſy chearfulneſs.
Woman, the ſoul of all delights,
And wine, the aid of love, be near;
All charms me that to joy incites,
And ev'ry ſhe that's kind is fair,
And ev'ry ſhe that's kind is fair.

---

## SONG.

### SWEET POLL OF PLYMOUTH.

COMPOSED BY MR. M. ARNE.

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear,
When forc'd from her to go;——
Adown her cheeks rain'd many a tear,
My heart was fraught with woe.——
Our anchor weigh'd, for ſea we ſtood,
The land we left behind;
Her tears then ſwell'd the briny flood,
My ſighs increas'd the wind.

II.

We plow'd the deep, and now between
Us lay the ocean wide;
For five long years I had not ſeen
My ſweet, my bonny bride.
That time I ſail'd the world around,
All for my true love's ſake;
But preſs'd, as we were homeward bound,
I thought my heart would break.

III.

The preſs-gang bold I aſk'd in vain
To let me once on ſhore;
I long'd to ſee my Poll again,
But ſaw my Poll no more.
And have they torn my love away!
And is he gone!——ſhe cry'd:
My Polly——ſweeteſt flow'r of May,
She languiſh'd, droop'd, and dy'd.

---

## THE LAST SONG.

BY MR. DIBDIN.

LAWYERS pay you with words, and fine ladies with vapours,—
Your parſons with preaching, and dancers with capers;
Soldiers pay you with courage, and ſome with their lives;
Some men with their fortunes,——and ſome with their wives!

Some with fame, ſome with conſcience, and many throw
both in:
Phyſicians with *latin*, and great men with *nothing:*
I, not to be ſingular in ſuch a throng,
For your kindneſs pay you with the end of a ſong.

II.

But pleading, engroſſing, declaring, and vap'ring,——
And fighting, and heet'ring, and dancing, and cap'ring;
And preaching, and ſwearing, and bullying, preſcribing,
And coaxing, and wheedling, and feeing, and bribing;
And ev'ry profeſſional art of hum-drumming,
Are clearly of ſome ſort a ſpecies of humming:
*Humming!* nay take me with you, the term's very ſtrong,
But I only meant——humming the end of a ſong.

III.

For all who thus kindly may pay me attention,
I would I had language of ſome new invention
My thanks to return; for where's the expreſſion
Can deſcribe of your kindneſs the grateful impreſſion?
May ev'ry deſire of your heart be propitious,——
Be laſting ſucceſs the reſult of your wiſhes;
Unimpair'd be your joys, your lives happy and long,—
And now——I AM COME TO THE END OF MY SONG.

*F I N I S.*

## ERRATA.

*Page* 2, *l.* 1.—*after* fills, *the word* all *is wanting.*
*Page* 6, *l.* 1.—*for* juſh *read* juſt.

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## OMISSIONS.

*Page* 12, "Encompaſs'd in an Angel's frame, &c." *three verſes are wanting, viz.*

II.

Can I forget that bliſs refin'd,
Which bleſt when her I knew?
Our hearts in ſacred bonds entwin'd,
Were bound by love too true.
The rural train, which once were us'd
In feſtive dance to turn,
So pleas'd, when Anna they amus'd,
Now weeping, deck her urn!

III.

The ſoul eſcaping from its chain,
She claſp'd me to her breaſt,
To part with thee is all my pain,
She cry'd,——then ſunk to reſt.
While mem'ry ſhall her ſeat retain,
From beauteous Anna torn,
My heart ſhall breathe its ceaſeleſs ſtrain
Of ſorrow o'er her urn.

IV.

There, with the earlieſt dawn, a dove
Laments her murder'd mate;
There Philomela, loſt to love,
Tells the pale moon her fate.
With yew and ivy round me ſpread,
My Anna there I'll mourn;
For all my ſoul, now ſhe is dead,
Concentres in her urn.

*Page* 52, "O Nightingale, &c." *As ſet by Mr. Shields for the Opera of Robin Hood, from Milton, continued, viz.*

Portend ſucceſs in love.——If Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy ſoft lay,
Now timely ſing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretel my hopeleſs doom in ſome grove nigh;
As thou from year to year has ſung too late
For my relief, yet had'ſt no reaſon why:
Whether the Muſe, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I ſerve, and of their train am I.

*Page* 92, "By the gaily circling glaſs, &c." *add.*

Come then, fill the chearful glaſs,
Truth is only found in wine:
Tales of love are all a farce,
But true friendſhip is divine.

*Page* 100, "When the chill Sirocco blows, &c." *is given as adapted by Mr. Shields, for the Opera of Robin Hood. There are other two verſes in the original ſong, viz.*

Ale, that the abſent battle fights,
And forms the march of Swediſh drum,
Diſputes with Princes, laws and rights;
What's done and paſt tells mortal wights,
And what's to come.

Grandchild of Ceres, Bacchus' daughter,
Wine's emulous neighbour, if but ſtale;
Ennobling all the nymphs of water,
And filling each man's heart with laughter,—
Oh! give me ale.